THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 163 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • JULY 13, 1946 NUMBER 2

The Shape of Things

ONCE AGAIN COMMUNIQUES FROM THE PARIS Council of Foreign Ministers can best be summed up by the GI expression "snafu." At the end of the July 4 session all seemed plain sailing; outstanding differences on the Italian treaty had been composed and it had been agreed to summon the 21-nation peace conference for July 29. But next day new controversies broke out. Molotov insisted that the Big Four must agree on procedures to be followed by the conference before sending out invitations and that China be excluded as a sponsor. Byrnes and Bevin took issue with both contentions. Exclusion of China, they said, was an insult to that nation; the conference must be allowed to draw up its own rules as all such conferences had in the past. The Byrnes-Bevins arguments indicate a respect for smaller nations and make a bow to majority rule. But it is not unfair to suggest that righteousness in this instance is buttressed by the knowledge that America and Britain will be able to count on the support of the majority of the 21 nations. Russia's recalcitrance reflects its minority position. Knowing that the odds are against them on any straight vote the Soviet representatives must exploit their veto power when and where they can and always play for time. Byrne's impatience to get on with the job of peacemaking has already earned dividends for Russia's delaying tactics. Small wonder then that Molotov should seek by a new stall to tie up conference procedures in a way that will enable the Soviet delegation to checkmate any attempt to introduce such questions as freedom of Danubian navigation into draft Balkan treaties. This, however, is a matter on which Byrnes and Bevin can hardly compromise unless they are prepared to recognize the Danubian lands as an unmitigated sphere of Russian interest.

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NEARER HOME MOLOTOV TACTICS ARE BEING employed by the Republican minority in the Senate, bent on blocking or emasculating an effective OPA extension bill. Senator Taft and his lieutenants know that the longer they can hold up action, the harder it will be for the Administration to regain control of the situation. In particular, every day's delay makes the problem of rolling back commodity prices to the June 30 level increasingly complicated. Senator Wherry, with Taft's backing, proposes to solve this one by exempting meat, poultry, and dairy products from the reimposition of ceilings while other senators want to exempt petroleum, tobacco, and pulpwood. In support of these proposals it is being argued that last week's experience of free markets shows that the danger of a violent rise in prices has been exaggerated. But it is to be noted that only meat prices have shown any considerable recession from the sharply higher levels established July 1, and this is probably due to the emergence of supplies that had been held back awaiting the June 30 deadline. With major foods and other important cost-of-living items decontrolled, the pressure for increased prices for manufactured goods and for higher wages would be multiplied. We hope, therefore, that consumers, who gave evidence of strong support for the President's veto, will let their Congressmen know that they are not being fooled by Taft's maneuvers. Log-rolling combinations are still busy on Capitol Hill and the bill Senator Barkley is trying to push through is in for a rough passage even though it makes many concessions to the anti-OPA crowd. Unless citizens are persistent in making their views known, the President may be confronted with another measure little, if any, better than the one he rejected.

*

OPERATION CROSSROADS IS LARGELY THE Navy's show, and by the sheerest coincidence only the Navy appears to be happy over the results so far. Some foreign governments, particularly the hyper-sensitive Soviets, look upon the Bikini project as an offensive display of power. Promoters of world unity, counting rightly on the terror value of the atomic bomb, are nonplussed by the results of the first test, which were not as sensationally devastating as people had been led to expect by the scientists of the Sunday supplement. And the sober scientists who did all the work of developing the bomb, but were not invited to take part in the Bikini experiments, are inclined to look upon the whole affair as a circus. But the naval men are highly pleased with themselves and their results. "There will still be navies in the future," was the good word flashed from the South Pacific by Navy Secretary Forrestal. Vice Admiral Blandy, in command of the operation, has already concluded that "We had carriers and destroyers sunk in the war

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The Nation, published weekly and copyrighted, 1946, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 318 Kellogg Building. Advertising and Circulation Representative for Continental Europe: Publicitas, Lausanne, Switzerland.

Subscription Prices: Domestic—One year $6; Two years $10; Three years $14. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1. *Change of Address:* Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new one.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

with Japan but we didn't stop building them. . . . That's what we will do in the future." And Sir John Cunningham, Britain's First Sea Lord, goes so far as to suggest that "it may be—I do not say it will be—that the safest place in the next war will be on board a ship." When the shock of disappointment wears off for those who looked forward to a crack in the ocean-bed and tidal waves that would wash away the state of California, they may find terror enough in the latest tally. A single bomb, of no higher potency than the one used a year ago on Nagasaki—and dropped with considerable inaccuracy—sank five ships, including a cruiser and two destroyers, heavily damaged two battleships and seven other vessels, and did lesser damage to at least 45 other craft. The thought of what a cluster of these projectiles might do, not merely to ships but to people, should serve to re-establish the atomic bomb in the awesome perspective appropriate to it.

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THE HOUSE MILITARY AFFAIRS COMMITTEE seems bent on wrecking all the good work in atomic control done by the MacMahon committee, the atomic scientists, and the American people as a whole. Throughout the long debate the crucial issue has been civilian versus military control. Now, the House committee has reintroduced military representation into the proposed atomic commission, specified that the director of the division of military application of atomic energy shall be a military officer, and handed over to the army and navy unrestricted control over atomic bomb manufacture. We are back to the days when, with the help of panic and General Groves, Congress was all set to jam through the May-Johnson bill. The American people have come a long way in their thinking since then. They have been educated by the constructive and courageous thought that has gone into the MacMahon bill, the Lilienthal report, and the Baruch plan now before the United Nations Atomic Commission. The two groups that appear to have remained static, biding their time, are the brass hats and the House Committee on Military Affairs. Undoubtedly the state of tension in the post-war world, the suspicion between the Western Powers and the Soviet Union, has strengthened their hand. But the road to greater security can never be blazed by the diehards of this or any other country. In the immediate issue of atomic control American democratic leadership must once more assert itself.

*

WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE NEXT ATOMIC war is suggested by the recently released report of the Strategic Bombing Survey which, having surveyed the wreckage of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, draws some pertinent conclusions for the edification of dwellers on this continent. Apparently most buildings over here are as vulnerable to bomb attack as those in Japan. "The overwhelming bulk of the buildings in American cities

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could not stand up against an atomic bomb bursting a mile or a mile and a half from them." Since our urban population is more concentrated than in Japan—46,000 per square mile in the center of Hiroshima as against 145,000, by day, in Manhattan—casualties are bound to be higher here. (One bomb in Hiroshima killed 80,000, injured 80,000.) The report concedes that "reshaping and partial dispersal of national centers of activity are drastic and difficult measures," but it suggests, nevertheless, that "they represent a social and military ideal toward which very practical steps can be taken once the policy is laid down." It goes on to recommend the accumulation of reserves of critical materials and medical supplies, the organization of civilian defense on a national scale, and the "dispersal, concealment, protection and constant readiness" of our military installations for retaliatory bombing. As a prayerful afterthought the report concludes: "One final measure of safety must accompany the others. To avoid destruction the surest way is to avoid war." Perhaps the surest way to avoid putting these counter-atomic defense measures to a test is to back up the work of the UN atomic control commission by placing atomic development in this country in charge of civilians pledged to eliminate its use in war by eliminating war itself.

*

SOUTHERN WHITE WOMANHOOD HAS BEEN saved again. The cause is worthy but the price is high: six more years of Bilbo and two of Rankin. We have no patience with Northern fuddy-duddies who insist that Bilbo was elected because we Yankees were not polite enough to mind our business. Far from having been elected by a commonwealth outraged at "outside interference," Bilbo was not elected by Mississippi at all. He can be regarded as the choice of his state only in the sense that Hamilton Fish might be regarded as the choice of New York in a balloting confined to the Union League Club. Mississippi has roughly 1,250,000 potential voters, but fewer than 200,000—16 to 17 per cent—showed up at the polls. (New York usually reports something like 77 per cent in a Senatorial campaign.) Of more than a half-million potential Negro voters, not more than two thousand thought it wise to put in an appearance at the election booths. Their reluctance was due in part to the poll tax. In larger part it was due to Senator Bilbo's loud and insistent advice to Mississippi whites to keep their black fellow-citizens from voting by types of persuasion that go with night-riding and misused sheets. Bilbo's ugly threats were a probable violation of law and entitle him to immediate attention from the Department of Justice. Even pending such action, there is no need for the Senate to disgrace itself by his presence. The Constitution provides that "each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its own members." It should have no trouble proving Theodore G. Bilbo unfit for membership on all three counts

Italy Pays the Price

CHIEFLY because the results of a complete deadlock would have been so serious, we can view the Big Four's composition of their differences regarding the Italian peace treaty with a certain amount of satisfaction. That does not prevent us from regretting that so many of the compromises by which agreement was achieved were at the expense of Italy. That unfortunate country, already beset with the gravest political and economic difficulties is paying a heavy price for succumbing to fascism. It is to lose territory to the French and the Yugoslavs; it must sign away all its colonies which represent a vast investment in money and emotion; it is to hand over almost all the navy it saved from the Germans; it is to be saddled with a bill for reparations despite the fact that it faces an almost insoluble problem of finding ways to finance imports of food and raw materials necessary to its existence. No wonder the Italians feel bitterly that they are without a friend in the world. Ironically the one point decided in their favor at Paris was that the South Tyrol should remain Italian. As they well know their claims to this overwhelmingly Austrian territory were weak and they might have been wise to waive them with the idea of fortifying the ethnic principles on which the case for Italy's retention of Trieste rested.

Of all the compromises reached at Paris that which settled the destiny of Trieste and Venezia Giulia is likely to create the greatest uproar. It leaves both Italians and Yugoslavs thoroughly dissatisfied. Marshal Tito has gone very far out on a limb in promising his people Trieste and a large part of the province to the west of it and all Russia's influence will be required to persuade his government to accept the award negotiated in Paris. Yet Yugoslavia is not to retire empty-handed. Its future boundary with Italy is to be the one proposed by the French which is considerably more favorable than those suggested by the Americans and the British. It probably provides for the fairest possible division along ethnic lines of the very mixed-up population of the area and it gives Yugoslavia practically the whole of the Istrian Peninsula, including valuable coal, bauxite, and mercury mines, and the important naval base of Pola.

The Italians, on the other hand, see themselves stripped of this district, all the more important to them because of their poverty in minerals, and compelled to acquiesce in the internationalization of Trieste, a city which is two-thirds Italian. Economically, it is true, Trieste is less important to Italy than has been claimed. As a port it is poorly located in relation to centers of population and its chief value to Italy was derived from its shipbuilding and allied industries. However, cold calculation has little to do with the matter; the real point about Trieste is its appeal to nationalist sentiment as the last *irredenta* to be recovered from the hated Austrian Empire.

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Sentiment aside, there is a good deal to be said for the Paris compromise. However much the Triestini may have come to dislike alien rule, the fact is that their city was built on the commerce provided by its Austrian connection. Before 1914 it was the international gateway for a considerable part of central Europe and the trade that flowed through its port provided prosperity for shipping and insurance. When it was restored to Italy after the first World War, new frontiers cut off its old customers and much of its trade was lost to Baltic and North Sea ports. But, if economic geography can be freed from the tyranny of political geography, the city can again perform its former function. Writing in *The World Today* of October, 1945, a British observer on the spot says of the Triestini: "They would rather be Italian than Yugoslav but best of all they would like to be a really free port at the service of Central Europe, with their freedom guaranteed by an international administration and international force." If this is really an accurate report of sentiment in Trieste, the inhabitants, at least, should be pleased with the Paris decision to make the city and its environs a "free territory" under the protection of the United Nations. It is only to be hoped that the tension of the last fourteen months, culminating in the recent riots has not so embittered relations between the various sections of the population as to make peaceful acceptance of their new status impossible.

Terror in Palestine

PRIME Minister Attlee has promised the House of Commons to produce "as soon as possible" evidence of a triple link connecting the respected Jewish Agency for Palestine; Hagana, which is the moderate and highly popular Jewish Resistance Movement; and Irgun Zvai Leumi, an extreme Zionist organization admittedly based on terror. Mr. Attlee's evidence will have to be extremely convincing to justify the high-handed raids of his army in Palestine, the internment of distinguished Zionist leaders, and the imposition of what several of his own followers in Parliament describe as a "police state."

The irony of the Prime Minister's position is that even if he succeeds in producing such evidence, he will in that very act reveal the failure of his government to handle the Palestine question with courage and intelligence. Hagana, born forty years ago as a kind of home guard for Jewish settlers, has been largely trained by the British, has always been defensive in character, has until now enjoyed an unchallenged record of opposition to terrorism, and is an integral part of Jewish life in Palestine. If even this organization has, in fact, been won over to violent methods, Mr. Attlee need not look far for an explanation. He can find it in his own initial reaction to the report of the Anglo- American Committee on Palestine and even more pointedly in the speech delivered by his Foreign Minister at Bournemouth last month.

Without a word on the merits of the Anglo-American Committee's recommendation to admit 100,000 Jews to Palestine at once, Mr. Bevin in that address said flatly that such a move at this time would require another British division and that he was not prepared to put a division to that purpose. The inescapable meaning of his words was that however much the British government might pretend to go on studying the Committee's report, it had already decided against its principal proposal plainly and simply because the Arabs had threatened to meet such action with violence. What could be more natural in the circumstances than for many Jewish moderates to conclude that they had been mistaken, that the British could be moved not by reason or justice, but only by blackmail and a show of force?

Our sympathies have never been extended to terrorist groups, in Palestine or elsewhere, but for all our willingness to give a Labor Party government the benefit of every doubt, we cannot avoid the belief that Messrs. Attlee and Bevin bear a heavy responsibility for the present tragic impasse in Palestine. Bevin in particular has resented what he apparently regards as the undue impatience of Jews to leave those parts of Europe that must forever remain stamped in their minds as scenes of death and horror.

Aside from the futility, not to mention the amorality, of the Labor Government's approach to Palestine, there is good reason to question it even on the "realistic" ground Mr. Bevin has taken. As Freda Kirchwey points out elsewherre in this issue, Arab League politicians may publicly rant of the Holy War to come, but the direst threat that emerged from that extraordinary session in June was to set up a new coordinating committee to stop land sales to Jews and boycott Jewish products. Disorders and a period of unrest would undoubtedly follow the forced immigration of another 100,000 Jews, but such is the relation of forces in the Moslem world that a raging *jehad* appears to be the strictly private nightmare of Mr. Bevin.

The British may well—and many of them do—point with scorn to the role of the United States in the Palestine muddle, particularly to our well-known tendency to seek influence without responsibility. And the plain truth is that we do not come off at all well, adopting as we do a lofty moral tone without offering either to accept an appreciable number of Europe's desperate Jews or to back Britain with troops in the highly improbable event that a show of force is necessary to execute a plan agreed upon. But Palestine, it should be remembered, is a British mandate. If the London government is unable to carry out its trust, there is nothing to prevent it—granting its purity of intention—from depositing its charge on the doorstep of the United Nations.

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Patriotism and Profits

BY JAMES A. WECHSLER

Washington, July 9

THE opening scenes of the Mead Committee hearings on war profiteering resembled a movie you had seen before. Toward the end of the first day somebody at the press table shook his fist in mock solemnity and intoned: "We won't let this kind of thing happen in the next war."

It took Gerald Nye nearly two decades to expose some of the less altruistic phases of World War I; Jim Mead, his eye on the executive mansion in Albany, was in no mood to wait. But the accused profiteers were comparatively little fellows in the big business of war production. Their corporate intrigues did not seem too original and their "take," however substantial, scarcely approached the highly respectable balances of those revered institutions which pledged in government-subsidized ads to "keep things the same" for our valiant boys abroad.

The slow start, however, was deceptive. As the week ended the Mead hearing was the best air-conditioned show in town. What began as the tale of an Illinois munitions ring had become the case of Andrew Jackson May, venerable chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee.

May is a member of the obstructionist fraternity. His most recent efforts have been dedicated to resisting civilian rule of the atomic energy program. The clue to his role in this new local drama was furnished early when the committee presented a chart showing the interlocking directorates which controlled sixteen arms plants, fifteen of which were located in Illinois. The sixteenth was called the Cumberland Lumber Company, identified simply as a Delaware corporation which received $48,000 from the Erie Basin-Batavia combine for lumber that was never delivered. This was cryptically introduced into the record on opening day and ignored until Saturday.

Meanwhile a parade of past and present procurement officials took the stand to describe their dealings with the Illinois group. The candor of their testimony varied with their army status: those already discharged talked freely, while those still in uniform—with a couple of exceptions—acted as if loss of memory were an occupational disease. Some able generalship by the committee attorneys—George Meader and Francis Flannigan—minimized these difficulties. The story was skillfully pieced together. An ambitious promoter named Henry Garsson, who was ousted from the Internal Revenue service some years ago after being tried and acquitted for extortion, got a $3,000,000 contract from the chemical warfare procurement service with the adept use of a borrowed letterhead. He and his brother Murray, immortalized in an FBI report as an ex-associate of Dutch Schultz, established contact with some Illinois manufacturers who were producing cigarette cases and other basic necessities. They created a couple of "phantom" corporations—Erie Basin and Batavia—for tax saving, multiple-salary payments, and other purposes. Then they pitched in for Uncle Sam. They got $78,000,000 worth of war business and paid over $2,000,000 in salaries to a handful of executives.

War contractors needed friends in Washington. There were intermittent troubles: manpower ceilings, production cutbacks, lost business. "Andy" May became the other man in a beautiful friendship. We are indebted to the recording devices widely used in the War Department (and erroneously denounced in some dispatches as wire-tapping) for the record of his services. Seldom, if ever, has any Kentucky Congressman labored so long and so earnestly for an Illinois enterprise sponsored by a couple of New Yorkers, the Garssons. Busy as he was with his manifold duties on the House Military Affairs Committee, he never forgot the Erie Basin boys. He protested to the chief of ordnance when their contracts were reduced; he protested to then Under-Secretary of War Patterson when the War Manpower Commission cut their labor force; he raised hell in general to secure an E-award for them over the objections of Chicago ordnance officials. He didn't wire. He telephoned. It gradually became apparent to even the dullest brass that Representative May was "interested" in the affairs of the combine. It got the jobs, despite some occasionally heroic resistance in lower echelons.

The blow-up came on Saturday. On that day the committee suddenly reverted to the subject of the Cumberland Lumber Company. A government auditor, testifying in a low, phlegmatic voice, reported he could find no books for the company. All he could find was evidence of "advance payments" from Erie Basin and Batavia for the undelivered lumber. Six of those checks, he added expressionlessly, were indorsed "A. J. May." One of the indorsements read: "A. J. May, President." They totalled more than $18,000. The company had also listed May as its official agent in a certificate filed with Kentucky authorities.

May, who had earlier called the hearings "hooey" now issued two statements in one Saturday afternoon.

At this moment he is vigorously maintaining that his

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interest in the affair was a blend of patriotism and sentiment. Most of the "advance payment" has been returned (after the Mead inquiry began, the committee contends). May vaguely recalls some telephone conversations but insists that his relationship with the Garssons grew out of their mutual interest in war production. The Cumberland venture, he asserts, was designed to "aid a constituent" with some of the loose Garsson change. The Congressman declares he never pocketed any personal profit; he was just doing company business.

The story isn't over. May, who testified last month in a secret committee session, has coyly avoided the public hearings. But it is doubtful that he can wage this battle with a mimeograph machine alone. The case against him is overwhelming even if he demonstrates that his bank balance did not ultimately benefit from the transactions. As one correspondent put it, "He was certainly robbed if he didn't get anything for all that work." His abuse of his role as House Military Affairs chairman has been spelled out in such gory detail that his views on the atom-bomb may no longer warrant page-one headlines.

Before the latest revelations May protested bitterly that all he had done was "just what every Congressman has done." This lament offers a fairly vast field to the Mead Committee. Every correspondent knows some of the dimensions of war profiteering, advertised at Washington cocktail parties throughout the war. How much money was passed under tables remains to be shown. The current probe has indicated there were many responsive fellows in the War Department; two chemical procurement officers, for example, graduated from the army to Erie Basin's payroll after approving one of its lush contracts.

"Price was no factor in contracts" one honest ex-officer testified. "We had to get the materials."

I am not concerned about profit control in the next war but the Mead Committee can augment our national wisdom by looking into the wartime operations of bigger and more self-righteous outfits than Erie Basin. After all, we spent a good deal of wartime energy denouncing coal miners who wanted two dollars more a day—wages, not expense account.

It's Growing Time in Georgia

BY LILLIAN SMITH

Clayton, Georgia

WE ARE busy in our county today, plowing. For rain has slowed down the planting. Though good for trees and laurel and ferns, it's been bad for the gardens. Some fields even yet are not turned. But today folks are busy. Across the valley you can hear them. The air is full of fine promise.

Sitting here on the mountain, high up in Rabun, I have been turning old memories. I am remembering the county where I was born—where big oak trees hang heavy with moss, and sand is gray and hot to bare feet, and always that old enemy of childhood, the sandspur, is nestling in paths to slow down your running. I was born where green scum creeps over ponds in springtime, and mocking birds sing themselves crazy on warm nights, and alligators crunch their way through swamp water, shaking waterlilies out of their slow careless paths. I was born where the earth is flat and stretches endlessly.... until the eyes of a child grow glazed as he looks, unable to bend his mind around the horizon.

Today I am remembering—as you must sometimes stop and remember—the old days: swimming in cold springs in the summer, and fried channel cat...hunting with big brothers on cold winter days...hog-killing and the old smoke house...my mother, with white and colored folks helping her, stuffing sausage casing while slow hickory fires smoked the hams.

I am remembering—Georgia. Hopping-John, and backbone and rice, and roast oysters, and scuppernongs, and figs, and boiled pinders...and corn pones and cracklin' bread, and going barefooted. Who can forget? Who can forget the wide, curving, sweeping fields of middle Georgia? Who can ever forget a thousand peach trees in bloom or the sweet tang of a sugar-cane grinding, or the pressing of apple cider on warm autumn days? Who can forget the sharp bay of hounds across hills when nights are good for fox hunting, or the tracks of rabbit in a deep mountain snow? Who can forget the ten thousand things that make Georgians love Georgia? The things that make a lump come in the throat when you've been away too long—that make you always want to come back, no matter how far you travel.

Yet today folks are forgetting. There are people in Georgia who are willing to trample and spit on all the good memories that Georgia folks have, leaving us with only the bad things. There is plenty that is bad about Georgia. All of us know that. We know, even as we love it and defend it, that there is plenty about Georgia that does not make for good memories. There are too many Georgians who are poor, too many who are ignorant, too

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many who are sick. There are too many homes without sweetness and love and laughter in them, too many children who do not know how to play. Too many grown folks not busy enough with work that they like, who turn for excitement to things like tying a can to a dog's tail or building fires on Stone Mountain, pulling pillow-cases over faces, as if with pillow-cases they can cover their consciences! Doing things worse than pulling pillow-cases over heads. And we know that also.

Folks are forgetting. For this is election year. A governor must be elected. To get elected, some folks will do anything. Some folks are willing to turn loose upon our land microbes of hate and fear that will spread and multiply and sweep our state from Rabun to Glynn with a disease that struck Germany once—and ruined it.

All that a man like Gene Talmadge wants is to get elected. Like irresponsible sick men before him, he is willing to use hate and fear as his henchmen. He is willing to fan the little flame that flickers no larger now than a candle and blow on it and spread it to the size of a forest fire. He is willing to destroy the sweet things, the nobility and good-will that are here, destroy the sane and Christian efforts that have been made by the people of Georgia to treat each other like human beings, to give every Georgian a chance to be a good citizen, to give every Georgia child a chance to grow.

No one asks for more than that in Georgia today. No one wants more. This is growing time in Georgia, and we want our crops and our children to grow. That is all.

But Gene Talmadge, to get elected, would trample children in Georgia. He will deny it, but he is doing just that when he spreads hate and fear, when he declares that some children are not human, when he tries to turn man against man, when he states that the Constitution of our United States is wrong and it is not good to believe that all men are citizens, that all children have the same right to grow.

Perhaps he does not know what he is saying. Sometimes I have thought that he does not understand the terrible words he uses.

It's Election Time in Georgia

It's election time in Georgia and the air is heavy with hate. One small sick man, blowing upon those embers of insecurity and fear which never die out in a culture so impoverished and ill as ours, has spread a conflagration that is licking now into every life.

No one knows which way the election will go. Those who will cast their first ballot on July 17—World War II veterans, eighteen-year-olds, whites formerly disfranchised by the poll tax, and Negroes hold the balance of power. They may divide along the old lines, making the outcome a gamble, or they may line up solidly against Talmadge's anachronistic rantings. Certain it is that thousands upon thousands of Georgians are working hard and long to save the superstructure of respectability and decency which Arnall has built and which Carmichael may reasonably be counted on to retain. One hopes and believes that their efforts will swing the election away from Talmadge.

One recognizes, however with a kind of chronic heart sickness, that much of the opposition to Talmadge is basically opposition to his manners and techniques, not opposition to what he stands for. Too many Georgians today (too many Americans today) still want what Talmadge wants, but, God helping us, are not as willing as he to pay the price of physical and spiritual bankruptcy to get it. But the thing that chills the marrow is the realization that many other Georgians, who know and are glad that there is no place in today's world for "master race" theories, still feel that it is more important to defeat a candidate than to defeat his principles, and that in our state both cannot be defeated simultaneously. Some of us believe their judgment is wrong, but we cannot doubt their sincerity.

As a graphic illustration of this dilemma and the way certain Georgians are meeting it, I offer you the above article which was written by Lillian Smith as a part of her effort to rid the air of some of the poison Talmadge is spreading. This piece was submitted to two influential dailies in the state which are battling Talmadge. One editor expressed polite appreciation for Miss Smith's desire to help defeat Talmadge, but, after "considering from every angle the wisdom and effectiveness of publishing it," he decided against using it. The editors of the other paper, men of proven courage and integrity and vision, wrote letters of heartbreaking apology for their difficult decision. One of them said: "By all rules of duty and conscience it should have the widest possible circulation. . . . It's Growing Time is one of the most beautiful things Miss Smith has ever written. It must not be lost. One of these days we shall come into our own and truth will not fear to stand in the full light of the sun." Rightly or wrongly, this man is convinced that "conditions being as they are in this vicious campaign being carried on by Talmadge, the article would help the master demagogue rather than aid the cause of decency and democracy in Georgia"—the inference being that this was true whether or not Lillian Smith's by-line was used.

But somehow, though I too am a Georgian, I do not believe that even Gene could find anything inflammable in It's Growing Time. To make sure of my criteria, I re-read the Sermon on the Mount. And I stand by the conviction that there's enough in each of these bits of writing to quiet the flames sweeping Georgia—and the world—today.

PAULA SNELLING

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The world is fast changing. As the earth shrinks, man's heart and imagination must expand to a size to meet the world's needs. But Gene's heart cannot expand; he has no world-size imagination; his mind long ago stopped growing.

Gene Talmadge is obsolete in modern Georgia and modern Georgians know it.

In the heat of summer, we shall have an election. A man will be chosen governor. Whether a good man or bad man wins, we will still live here. Even if that man is Talmadge we can protect ourselves with our Constitution, for we are not only Georgians—we are Americans also. But there is no way that a Constitution can protect our children now from the microbes of hate and fear that he has spread on them during this campaign. There is no way a Constitution can protect these children from reaping crop after crop of pain and bitterness and violence which his hate words are sowing in their minds. Unless you and I get busy.

We who love this state, who cherish its children, have work to do now.

This is growing time in Georgia for children. Everywhere you can see them growing sanely and sturdily toward a maturity that Georgia needs, that all the world needs. And now, like hailstones beating on tender plants, come Talmadge's words, beating on the minds of children, tearing their pride and hope and decency from them, making some of them arrogant and bullying little Nazis, leaving others bewildered and shamed. We must give back to Georgia's children the pride and self-esteem and hope and good-will that Talmadge is stripping away. We must reach down and lift up and make straight again the minds and spirits he is crippling with his words.

There are ways to do it. Each of us must find our own way. But no way is better than by enunciating quietly and clearly the teachings of Jesus, who said again and again, with beauty and simplicity and tenderness, that "even the least of these" is His.

Will the Arabs Revolt?

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE FEROCITY of the British military attack on the Jewish establishments in Palestine can be explained only by panic or by a desire to prove that the situation is too tense and unstable to permit the admission of 100,000 new immigrants. Perhaps both emotions are involved.

When I was in Palestine last month, panic was plainly observable in British reactions. Official alarm seemed out of proportion even then to the isolated acts of violence committed by Jewish extremists. And the authorities were unwilling to acknowledge any distinction between terrorist acts, condemned by all but a small minority of Jews, and those other illegal operations, such as the smuggling of immigrants and the organization of defense forces, which had the support and approval of the whole Jewish community. The British in Palestine behaved as if they went in deadly fear of the Jews; the provocative warnings of Glubb Pasha mentioned in my last article,* although more hysterical in tone than the comments of ordinary officials, were otherwise typical. Their composite attitude was something like this: "We must at all costs put an end to Jewish resistance and if possible prevent any new immigration; otherwise we shall have war arising out of the justified resentment of the Arab majority."

How realistic are these fears? Would the admission of more Jews into Palestine actually touch off civil war or, even more terrifying, start a general Islamic revolt? Such questions must be answered before one passes final judgment on British behavior.

From the day the Joint Inquiry Committee's report was issued, Arab leaders and the Arab press have carried on a steady campaign of threats and protests. They have promised everything from local acts of terror to a Holy War. A collection of newspaper headlines over the last three months indicates that the city room of an Arab newspaper has no lessons to learn from Mr. Hearst. One of the most imaginative appeared above the story of Truman's first statement on the Palestine report: "Hitler Has Been Found Alive—In The White House!"

It is instructive, however, to contrast the fury of the press, and of leaders aiming their words at public opinion, with the reserve displayed in private conversation as well as in the decisions reached at the recent Arab conferences at Inchass and Bludan. In Jerusalem I talked to the two most influential Arab leaders then in the country. The first, Auni Bey Abdul Hadi, is a man whose volcanic flood of oratory conceals genuine patriotic feeling. He is an old hand at the nationalist game, having attended the

* *"Palestine and Bevin," June 22, 1946*

FREDA KIRCHWEY has just returned from a two-months trip to Europe and the Middle East. Her analysis of Arab strength, organization and intentions is particularly timely in view of current developments in Palestine and throughout the Moslem world.

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Paris Peace Conference in 1919 with Feisal and participated in various subsequent negotiations with the British. He knows the documents by heart and lays the pertinent passages before you. The mandate Auni Bey does not recognize; it was illegal, since the Arabs were promised independence. But even granting the validity of the mandate, its execution by the British has been in violation of the League Covenant. Whereas Iraq and later Transjordan had their own governments under Britain, and Syria and Lebanon theirs under France, Palestine has been ruled directly by the British like a crown colony. "This, of course, is because the Jews were colonized in our country for Britain's imperialist purposes and they had to be protected by British arms."

But Britain is the old adversary, accepted and almost tolerated—like Satan in the Christian theology. The whole explosive fury of Auni Bey's invective was aimed at the United States. He shook his finger under my nose and asked what business the United States had coming into Palestine and running its affairs, installing a plan that would "kill the Arabs?" "Kill?" I asked. "Will 100,000 additional Jews kill the Arabs?" He did not stop to explain but from the general direction of his talk I gathered that more Jewish immigration would, in his opinion, squeeze the Arabs off their land, create a non-Arab life in Palestine, and end age-long established customs and relationships. "You can do this," he said. "With money, with the atom bomb, America can kill every Arab who protests because the promises have all been broken and the foreigners have been forced into this country. Is that what you wish?" I could not have offered a defense of the Committee's report or of America's role if I had tried, for Auni Bey's questions were strictly rhetorical. I only asked, because this was what I had hoped to hear from him, whether he and the other Arab leaders had agreed on a specific plan of action in case the Committee's report was accepted in London. I got no real reply but only deflected a little the direction of the flow. "What can we do? You can kill us. We can die. What else? We are not prepared to wage war against Britain and the United States and the Jews. But in time, we will be vindicated. If it takes a thousand years, justice will finally be done." And then, a little abruptly he mentioned Russia. "We don't wish to call upon Stalin for help. But if necessary we can do so." "What about the United Nations?" I asked. "Will the Arab League lay the Palestine issue before the Council or the Assembly?" To this question Auni Bey gave no answer. What was evident from his conversation was the uncertainty that lay behind his genuine indignation.

From one of the other leaders, a very different man, I got the same impression. Dr. Hussein Khalidi, formerly Mayor of Jerusalem, is a successful lawyer and a member of the Arab Higher Executive. He is as quiet and smooth as Auni Bey is violent. He talks with you, meets objections, appears to weigh arguments. He, too, leans heavily on documents, and uses them well. He showed me the verbatim testimony, never published, taken at the London Conference in 1939 which resulted in the White Paper. He was there as one of the Palestine Arab delegates. At this meeting Malcolm MacDonald promised, without the slightest equivocation, in answer to detailed questions by himself and another delegate, that the Arabs would have permanent and final control over Jewish immigration after five years; during that period 75,000 Jews would be admitted under the British plan. If the quota were not filled during the alloted time, the remainder would not be admitted after the period ended. It was there, black on white, question and promise. On the record the Arabs have an unanswerable case. (And so, of course, have the Jews; and the issue therefore cannot be decided on the record at all, but must be dealt with, as the Joint Committee honestly attempted to do, on its political and human merits.)

Khalidi, like Auni Bey, having proved his point and expressed his profound distaste for American interference, became vague as to Arab policy. He predicted trouble—but how much and what sort, he didn't say. Would the other Arab states help the Palestinian Arabs?, I asked. He wouldn't commit himself on that either. Both leaders were restrained by their knowledge that the meeting at Inchass of the Arab kings and chiefs of state, then in progress, was debating this very problem, and by the more intimate fact that the Palestinian Arab parties had just split into two "higher" committees over the question of appealing to the United Nations.

The decisions reached at Inchass were never fully disclosed, but when the Arab League met in extraordinary session at Bludan on June 8 to consider the Palestine issue, the press announced that it was acting, not as an independent policy-making body, but under directives from the Arab rulers. In fact, the secretary-general of the Arab League, Abdul Rahman Azzam, himself declared that the League had become the "executive agent" of the Arab chiefs of state. After a series of defiant and deafening speeches, the League went into closed session and at last emerged with a program which must have disappointed the pan-Arab fire-eaters. Talk of a Holy War had disappeared altogether; so had the expected demand for Palestine independence. No mention was made of an appeal to the United Nations for action against the Committee's report. The resolutions adopted merely called for the creation of a committee representing all the Arab states to "supervise all questions concerning Palestine"; the setting up in Palestine of a new Arab Higher Executive to supercede or unite the two competing "higher" committees; the demobilization and disarming of all Jewish troops (no mention of Arab military organizations); and various proposals to end land sales to Jews and strengthen the boycott of Jewish goods.

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Arab nationalism is a real force. No one who has been in Egypt and the Levant can deny it. It does not go as deep as its leaders want you to think but it has enough popular backing so that foreigners, and non-Moslems, foreign or native, face growing hostility in Moslem countries. The poor masses in the villages are probably almost unaware of the issue; in the cities there is plenty of explosive material for the politicians to use. Nationalist feeling backed up and inflamed by religious fanaticism is unquestionably growing.

Will it explode in Palestine? This is the question raised in acute form by British action there. To me the answer seems so obvious that I find it hard to take seriously the feverish warnings of British officials and Arab propagandists. The caution displayed by the Arab leaders when they sit down to consider policy is far more convincing. Unless all political signs fail, no general rising of Arabs would result from the application of the Committee's proposals. Doubtless there would be sporadic attacks and local disorders, though even these would, I am convinced, be reduced by the general respect in which the Jewish defense organization is held. But no Holy War, no invasion from neighboring countries, not even civil war in Palestine.

Britain may be executing a slow retreat in the Middle East: its economic hold may be threatened by American competition, its ultimate political control by Russian penetration. But the Empire has enormous staying power and up to the present time it has been able to manipulate the ambitions of Arab leaders, and especially the divisions among them, to buttress its strategic positions.

No Arab state or combination of states can start a war in Palestine without British connivance. The Arab leaders know this well; they may bark loudly, but they have very few teeth to bite with. Egypt will never endanger its present negotiations with Britain by seriously involving itself in Palestine. King Farouk has huge ambitions, encompassing the whole Arab world. But his present need is to win a diplomatic triumph through the withdrawal, on favorable terms, of British forces from Egypt. Farouk is playing a cagey game and doing everything politically possible to minimize—while using—the growing Xenophobia of oppostion parties and fanatic organizations like the Moslem Brotherhood. No Holy War will start in Egypt in the early future.

Transjordan's newly crowned king, Abdullah, is in Britain's pocket—not only because the whole independence farce was staged and run off by the British; not only because the treaty with Britain secures that power's predominant interest; but above all because Transjordan's army is officered by Britishers and is in fact an integral part of Britain's armed forces in the Middle East. To imagine an incursion from Transjordan into Palestine without Britain's consent is a little difficult. In Iraq, British control is only a little less overt. Since the overthrow of Rashid Ali in 1941, the Iraqi government and army have operated under strict British supervision.

There remain Syria and Lebanon. Ostensibly independent since the French were evicted, these countries might possibly cause trouble across the border. Syria is now militantly pan-Arab and has taken the lead in boycotting Jewish goods from Palestine. Lebanon, torn between Arab propaganda and the fears of the Christian population, is more inhibited. But both are deeply beholden to the British. The liquidation of French control was accomplished by a series of maneuvers which have never been fully exposed. In the process, local politicians, bought and paid for, were established in power by their new overlords. The financial by-products of office are great in the Levant and it will be some time, I imagine, before these officials will think it discreet to kick over the traces. If they did, their ability to make trouble in Palestine would be severely restricted by the almost complete collapse of the Levantine armies since the French moved out.

Apart from direct British influence, however, there are all sorts of minor pressures at work to prevent united Arab action in Palestine. The Arab states may adopt a common attitude on Jewish immigration, but they can never stage a general revolt as long as they continue to be split by cross-currents of interest and feeling. King Farouk's ambition to dominate an inclusive Arab union —even to revive the Caliphate—is in direct conflict with King Abdullah's ambition to rule over a Greater Syria comprising Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, and Transjordan, a plan supposedly encouraged by the British. Both projects are opposed by Ibn Saud, absolute monarch of Arabia, who looks upon himself as the legitimate leader of the Moslem world and nourishes an ancient feud with the Hashimite family, to which Abdullah belongs. Even within the Greater Syria orbit, the interests of Abdullah clash with those of many Syrian politicians who benefit from their country's role as an "independent" republic with a seat in the United Nations.

If an Arab revolt on a big scale is out of the question, as I believe these facts indicate, how can one explain the fears of British officials in Palestine and the ugly events of the past week? The answer is to be found in the history of Arab blackmail and British appeasement. During the years before the outbreak of war, Nazi agents in every Arab country spread the charge that the British intended to subject the Moslems to Jewish domination. Arab attacks on Jewish settlements in the late '30's were largely the product of this untiring propaganda, and by the end of 1938 the Colonial Office had pretty well convinced the government that the loyalty of Jewish Palestine would be more than offset, in case of war, by the hostility of the Arab chieftains. Quite abruptly, and without regard

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for past commitments, the British instituted a sweeping program of appeasement. For the first time Arab notables were invited to join in discussions of the Palestine problem. Then the whole policy based on the Balfour declaration and embodied in the Mandate was reversed by the provisions of the White Paper. Through these moves the British hoped to counter Axis propaganda and insure the loyalty of the Arabs.

The results of this maneuver are well remembered. With very few exceptions Arab leaders in Palestine and outside were either openly pro-Axis or unreliable and shifting in their allegiance. The behavior of the Mufti—today again at large and ready to resume his dominant role in the Middle East—was only a dramatic expression of the general Arab attitude.

But the failure of appeasement during the war did not discourage the engineers of Britain's colonial policy. Victory wiped out the power of the Axis; it did not guarantee the security of the Empire. In the offing they see the looming threat of Soviet power pressing toward the warm-water ports and oil resources of the Middle East. A bloc of Arab states linked to Britain by concessions, favors, and a well-grounded fear of communism still seems to the conventional colonial mind the best available bulwark against Russia's penetration.

Such hopes would be frustrated by the growth of Jewish strength in Palestine. For the energy and progressive social program of the Jews menace, far more imminently than does Russia, the hierarchic feudalism of the Moslem world from which the Arab ruling class derives its wealth and power. To encourage the Jews would be to plant dynamite under that decadent system. It would make further appeasement impossible. If the Arab leaders cannot stage a revolt, they can make plenty of trouble of other sorts. They might even, as a maneuver in power politics, carry out their threat and call upon Russia for help. The frightened colonial official sees these possibilities crowding in on him, and his single impulse is to step on the Jews. Heaven knows he does not want social change any more than the Arabs; he wants the old system and men on top with whom he can make satisfactory deals. If military force can do it, and if Mr. Bevin continues to back him up, he will wipe out the Jewish defense forces while there is still time and stop the smuggling of D. P.'s from Europe. And with his last breath he will oppose the recommendations of the Joint Committee of Inquiry.

[*Miss Kirchwey's next article on the Middle East will analyze the Jewish position in the struggle over Palestine.*]

Science and Man's Fate

BY DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

THE dominant fact of our time is the towering place of the machine, of applied science, in the lives of mankind. And the great issue of our time, with which the peoples of the whole world will be at grips day in and day out for the rest of our lives, is simply this: Are machines and science to be used to degrade man and destroy him, or to augment the dignity and nobility of humankind? How can men use and direct science and the machine so as to further the well-being of all men?

From this issue no one who lives today can escape. It reaches into the lives of every one of us, old and young, rich and poor; it must be faced by the clergyman, the professor and the physician no less than by the businessman and public official. Standing always at the elbow of each delegate at Security Council meetings, always present and voting at the conference tables of this troubled world is this same issue: for whose benefit the machine? Cross the seas and the shadow of the question has preceded you—to the valley of China's Yangtze River, to the oil fields of Iran, the tractor-powered wheat farms of the Ukraine. Geography and language differ, but the question is everywhere in essence the same.

Is science good, is the machine good—or is it evil?

To some people modern technology is plainly evil. To them the more gadgets, the more unpalatable is life. The more things we produce, the faster we can travel, the more complex machines we invent, the nearer—they assert—we move to the edge of a bottomless pit. They are homesick for the simpler life of the days before man produced so much and knew so much. They cry out against science and the machine and call them evil; but their voices are those of despair and defeat.

There are others of our contemporaries who have an

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almost opposite view of the machine. Exuberant and uncritical, they worship the machine. Efficiency is their god and the managerial elite are their high priests. They broadcast radio programs full of the romance of gadgets and fill the slick-paper magazines with odes to a chromium bathtub. Technology, they seem to say, is above good and evil. If the spirit of man balks, if being human increases the cost of production—well, then man must be redesigned to fit the assembly line, not the assembly line revised for man. The super-technologists of the world are quite prepared to recreate man in the image of the machine.

I venture to say that neither of these views—of the defeatist nor the technolater—will appeal to most of us. The machine is neither good nor evil in itself. It is good only when man uses it for good. It is evil only if he puts it to evil uses.

The machine can, of course, be so used as to degrade and enslave man. It can be used to exhaust the land and the dignity of those who live on the land. It can poison the air, foul the streams, devastate the forests, and thereby doom men and women and children to the degradation of great poverty. On the other hand, it can nourish the spirit of men, eliminate filth and congestion and disease, strengthen the soil and conserve the forests, humanize man's environment. The machine can be so used as to make men free as they have never been free before.

We have a choice—that is the shining fact of our time. If we are but wise enough and determined, if we have the knowledge and the facts on which to base our choices, we can control the machine and make it serve for good. We need not be carried irresistibly into the abyss by forces beyond our control.

That modern man can completely change and improve his environment is a matter of common observation. Perhaps as well known an illustration as any is the Tennessee Valley since Congress set up TVA as a public development corporation. In a single decade a region larger than England has been substantially altered. The great Tennessee River now is changed: twenty-six huge dams make it do what it's told to do. The land is changed. There are factories, barges on the new river channel, and yards building seagoing ships. Slopes once dead and hideous with gullies are now fruitful and green to the sun. And new life is stirring in the roots of local community institutions, a new initiative to promote the people's common interest. Locally financed rural libraries are springing up, public health services, town planning boards, county fire protection units, state conservation boards concerned with stream pollution and public parks, and so on. All of this is just an example of what can be done.

We have a choice—whether the machine or man comes first. But that choice will not be exercised on a single occasion, surrounded by spectacle and drama. We must move from decision to decision, from issue to issue, and we will be in the midst of the struggle for the rest of our days.

In such a setting there is one generalization that I believe is basic. It is this: we cannot master the machine in the interest of the human spirit *unless we have a faith in people.* The rock upon which all these efforts rest must be a deep and abiding faith in human beings, a faith in the supreme worth of life. Technology must have a moral, an ethical purpose; that purpose and the methods pursued in carrying it out determine whether technology furthers human well-being or threatens it.

Great schemes of development are now being unfolded for China and India and Siberia and Latin America and the Near East—regions technology and science have hardly touched. And we are asked: But does it really matter what *means* are adopted to bring science to the countless millions in these undeveloped lands? Does it really matter that the purpose of such development may not be human welfare? Does it matter really whether the people concerned have information with which to make their own choices, whether they have a genuine voice in this new destiny that science and the machine can bring? In brief, does it matter whether the *purpose* and the *means* are moral and ethical? Matter? Indeed it matters! Nothing matters more profoundly.

The very act of faith in the essential goodness of men furthers that goodness, just as disbelief in men will of itself make men less worthy of faith. This is not mere rhetoric; these are the ultimate realities. It is by putting to practical use these realities that science and technology, by our deliberate choice, can bring a new era of fraternity among the peoples of the earth.

All of the foregoing has its immediate and critical application in the field of atomic energy. Our task, in practical terms, is to turn the awful strength of atomic power away from destruction and toward a new era of peace and well-being.

On March 28 the State Department made public a report on the international control of atomic energy, written by a five-man Board of Consultants on which I had the privilege of serving as chairman. The proposals that report advanced for a world Atomic Development Authority were approved by the President of the United States and the Secretary of State. On June 14 they were presented to the world as the basis of American policy by Bernard Baruch, American delegate to the United Nations Commission on Atomic Energy.

The task of seeking agreement that faces Mr. Baruch and the other members of the International Commission is a supremely difficult one. They can succeed only if there is an understanding of the essentials of the problem by the peoples of the world, reached through the widest public discussion of the alternatives with which

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they are wrestling. This is an issue that directly affects every man, woman, and child in the world. We all share in the responsibility for a wise, a humane, and a morally sound conclusion.

The American proposals, if put into effect through the United Nations, could provide security against the evil uses of atomic energy. At the same time, our proposals also point a way to the almost limitless beneficial applications of atomic energy in the alleviation of human suffering, the uncovering of new knowledge about this beautiful and complex world, the harnessing of new sources of energy for the relief of drudgery and poverty. The plan seeks to eliminate the surprise use of atomic weapons; it seeks to create deterrents to aggression, and to develop patterns of cooperation between men in which lie the only lasting hope for the elimination of war itself. It has been widely recognized that our proposal seeks to reach these ends not merely through suppression or punishment by an international armed force, but by calling forth and utilizing the constructive impulses of men.

There is nothing more dewy-eyed, naive and ignorant of the realities of human nature than to urge (seriously and sincerely) that the world rest its hopes for eliminating the atomic bomb entirely upon making possession and use of the bomb illegal—"outlawing" it is the common phrase—and providing machinery for drastic punishment of violations.

This comment is general; it is not directed specifically to the initial proposals of the Russians put forward by Mr. Gromyko. It refers to the principle, wherever it may appear and by whomsoever urged.

That this preoccupation and reliance upon the negative aspects of war is naive and unworkable is illustrated, to my mind, by a wireless press account which appeared in the New York *Times*. A distinguished British lawyer was quoted as saying that under international law, war has *already* been "outlawed"—ever since the Kellogg Pact of 1928. The League of Nations, he went on to say, was "an admirable mechanism," and war came again "not because of any deficiency in the law. The war took place because of the inactivity of international police." But *why* were international police inactive just when they were needed and the peace of the world was being threatened? Is not that the real question? Could it be because when the crisis comes we discover that suppressive and police-like activities, taken alone and relied upon exclusively, are no foundation for peace—that something more affirmative is required? It seems clear to me that we must, if we would survive, seize upon, emphasize, and make use of the creative opportunities. It seems clear that it is these very constructive possibilities in respect to atomic energy that make this such a great and unique opportunity for the building and maintenance of peace.

My associates and I were explicit about this in our report. We do not share the feeling that to build the edifice of peace upon such a foundation is unrealistic. In describing the criteria we laid down to guide us in devising a plan for international control of atomic energy we said: "To be genuinely effective for security, the plan must be one that is not wholly negative, suppressive, and police-like. We are not dealing simply with a military or scientific problem but with a problem in statecraft and the ways of the human spirit. Therefore the plan must be one that will tend to develop the beneficial possibilities of atomic energy and encourage the growth of fundamental knowledge, stirring the constructive and imaginative impulses of men rather than merely concentrating on the defensive and negative. It should, in short, be a plan that looks to the premise of man's future well-being as well as to his security."

We cannot think of atomic power as apart from those who direct its course and use, and define the purposes for which it is put. That is a towering responsibility which may safely be entrusted only to those who have a deep faith in the human spirit, to whom the interests of human beings come first. That responsibility is *not* safe with men, in public life or private undertakings, to whom people are only a market—a market for new gadgets, a labor market with which to make the gadgets, a political market to be cajoled and organized and voted. To them the people of a democracy have little capacity to choose wisely; the people are to be circumvented, not consulted; tolerated, not trusted.

We do have a choice. On the one hand it is clear that science in evil hands can make us slaves—well-fed perhaps, but more pathetic for that fact. On the other hand it is plain that men can use science to further human freedom and the devolpment of human personality. But *how* it shall be used will be determined by choices made by the people, choices that are genuine only when based on a knowledge of alternatives. And the means whereby the people exercise a real choice depends upon a sacred and inviolable process, the dissemination of knowledge.

For faith in people must have as its corollaries faith in facts, faith in knowledge, faith in the free flow of ideas—in short, faith in education and the processes of education.

The people must know what they can make science do for them. They must have access to more than the slick literature of synthetic "build-ups." The cynics, the book-burners, the disbelievers in the divine and spiritual nature of men, the wise guys and smart hombres, the advocates at home and abroad of compulsion and force—they will never willingly permit the people to know what science can do for them.

Those who have a faith in people must take upon themselves this responsibility to keep the well-springs of knowledge clear, to keep them open to all who come with a thirst to know.

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The End of a Mission

BY SHIVA RAO

New Delhi, July 3

THE British Cabinet Mission has returned to London after three months of negotiations with Indian leaders expressing satisfaction that at least partial success has been achieved. The mission had a two-fold purpose in coming out to India: first, to evolve a long-term plan for framing India's permanent constitution acceptable to both major parties in the country, namely, the Congress and the Moslem League; second, to establish, for the interim period while the Constituent Assembly is busy shaping the final structure, a provisional government under the British Viceroy.

About the middle of May the Cabinet Mission published its long-term proposals which in fact were an award, the acceptance of which was obligatory in view of the fact that leaders of the Congress and the Moslem League had been unable to reach a compromise by themselves. The former were passionately opposed to the complete division of India, the latter equally determined to achieve Pakistan. Ruling out the fission of India as dangerous from the standpoint of defense, as well as otherwise impracticable, the Labor ministers proposed a single central authority charged with three subjects—defense, external affairs, and communications—and autonomy for the provinces, grouped together into three sections each free to devise a common administration of such matters as the provinces might surrender.

Congress leaders were the first to formulate a tentative opinion. They welcomed the British rejection of Jinnah's fantastic scheme for splitting India into two sovereign states but criticized the compulsory grouping of the provinces into three sections. They wanted assurance that the Constituent Assembly would have sovereign status and described their objectives thus: "Independence for India with a strong, though limited, central authority; full autonomy for the provinces; establishment of a democratic structure in the center and units to guarantee the fundamental rights of each individual."

Congress leaders saw many omissions and defects in the British plan but decided to keep an open mind and wait to see the entire picture before reaching final conclusions. Of particular importance for such a judgment was the establishment of a provisional national government (which had not been disclosed at that stage). Would it, they asked, function in practice as a Cabinet responsible to the legislature with the British Viceroy deprived of his veto power and reduced to the same constitutional position as the Governor-General of Canada or Australia? Would the status, powers, and composition of the provisional government be such as to lead to "a free, great, independent India?"

A fortnight later came the decision of the Moslem League. Most surprisingly Jinnah recommended acceptance of the British long-term plans despite the strong condemnation therein of his scheme for Pakistan. Only a handful of the nearly 300,000 Moslem Leaguers voted against the recommendation.

On June 16, the British ministers and the Viceroy, after prolonged negotiations with the leaders of both parties, produced their proposals for an interim government. Congress leaders were extremely dissatisfied with them but seemed prepared to compromise when Jinnah published an unauthorized summary of his correspondence with the Viceroy demanding certain assurances which would have rendered democratic administration almost impossible. Congress, during its sixty years of existence, has always prided itself on its national character, membership being open to all Indians who support independence. Among its presidents there have been Hindus, Moslems, Sikhs, Parsis, Christians, even Englishmen. Throughout the six years of the war its president was a distinguished Moslem scholar, Abulkalam Azad. With such a record and outlook Congress leaders could not possibly accept the condition that members of the provisional government selected in behalf of the Congress party could not be Moslems. The Viceroy had not only appointed all five Moslems from Jinnah's party but virtually pledged himself to recognize only the Moslem League as competent to represent the Moslems. Further, he had conceded Jinnah's preposterous demand that on major communal issues even three Moslems out of those five could veto decisions of the Executive Council consisting of fourteen.

The final picture (meaning both the long-term and interim government proposals) Congress leaders regarded as disappointing. They expected a plan which would hold out the promise of "immediate independence and the opening out of avenues leading to a rapid advance of the masses economically and socially so that their material standards may be raised and poverty, malnutrition, famine, and the lack of necessities of life may be ended and all people in the country may have the freedom and opportunity to grow according to their

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genius." Such a promise Congress leaders found almost completely absent from the British proposals. Nevertheless, they agreed to join the Constituent Assembly while rejecting the scheme for the interim government as loaded with too many limitations and handicaps. They stipulated at the same time that their interpretation of certain parts of the British long-term plans must prevail against that of the Cabinet Mission and, further, that the Constituent Assembly could not function "without a satisfactory provisional government."

The election of delegates to the Constituent Assembly —nearly three hundred—takes place this month and the first session of the Constituent Assembly is due for the middle of August. Negotiations for the establishment of an interim government are not at an end, the Cabinet Mission declared before leaving India, but will be shortly resumed by the Viceroy.

There are, however, two formidable difficulties in the way. Without the knowledge of Congress leaders Lord Wavell somewhat rashly gave Jinnah certain undertakings which cannot be fulfilled. Jinnah has now revealed that the Viceroy authorized him several weeks ago to tell the Moslem League's executive that the reward for acceptance of the British long-term proposals would be the constitution of an interim government with the Moslem League and Congress accorded five places each out of the total of twelve. Jinnah's statement means that he attached far greater importance to the immediate concessions than to the acceptance of Pakistan as an ultimate objective; in other words, that the demand for Pakistan was only for bargaining purposes and was never seriously meant as anything more than a slogan to enlist the emotional support of the Moslem masses. What has alarmed Congress leaders is that the Viceroy, who had ample warnings that they would never accept equal representation with the Moslems, should have encouraged Jinnah in such a belief.

The second difficulty is more baffling. The Cabinet Mission and the Viceroy declared on June 16 that they would proceed with the formation of an interim government even if the Congress Party or the Moslem League, or both, declined the offer, the only condition being acceptance of the long-term proposals. The Moslem League has accepted the entire British plan while Congress leaders endorse the long-term proposals, subject to certain conditions, and reject the interim government scheme. Jinnah now demands that the British promise should be carried out regardless of the consequences. Yet the formation of an interim government with the assistance of the Moslem League, if the Congress Party was excluded, would imperil the long-term plans and invite the hostility of nine of the eleven provincial governments which are under Congress ministries. With threats of famine and large-scale labor strikes looming ahead, defiance of the authority of the central government by the great majority of the provincial governments would result in a disastrous situation. Why then did the Cabinet Mission and the Viceroy make that declaration without carefully weighing the consequences?

Now that they have fallen back on the expedient of a "caretaker" government, Jinnah accuses them of a breach of their pledged word, and it is difficult, up to a point, not to agree with his analysis. But it is only fair to add that he maneuvered the Congress Party into rejecting the interim government proposals by publishing at the psychological moment a summary of his correspondence with the Viceroy, confident that the Viceroy would then invite him to form a government without Congress. He was not prepared to have his maneuver boomerang. The suspicion of British motives, formerly nourished only by the Congress Party, has now spread to the Moslem League also and further negotiations have therefore become immensely more difficult.

In the Wind

HOW FAR CAN YOU STRETCH A DOLLAR? Heading on a classified ad in the Portland *Oregon Daily Journal*, of June 21: "$6,000 Family Home! Only $8,350."

HATS OFF TO HAYWARD: A Council for Democratic Action has been formed in Hayward, California, to stimulate intercultural and interracial relations and to combat anti-democratic forces in the surrounding area. The board of directors includes persons with Mexican, Portuguese, Negro, Japanese, Filipino, Chinese, Jewish, and Caucasian heritages. Community, school and civic groups are also represented in the Council. An active fall program is planned, including a town forum on the problems of democracy.

WHY NOT A TEST FOR EDITORS? Clayton T. Rand, newspaper editor from Gulfport, Miss., declared at an Independent Bankers Association meeting in St. Paul: "The trouble with this country is over-education of the unintelligent. I am convinced that nobody should be taught to read or write that can't think."

ONE BOOK, ONE WORLD: *Dart*, an advertising trade publication, tells a story about President Roosevelt and Morris Ernst discussing the popularity in Russia of the O. W. I. magazine, *America*. Ernst urged the importance of getting more books and radio broadcasts inside Russia to promote American-Soviet understanding. The President agreed, but added, "When the right time comes, there is just one book which will win over the Russian people." "What is that?" asked Ernst. "The Sears Roebuck catalogue," replied Mr. Roosevelt.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. We will pay $1 for each item accepted.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Small-Town America

BY ALDEN STEVENS

IV. Bricks, North Carolina

"I'VE just been chasing some cows that got over the fence," said Neill McLean, dusting off his impeccable gray herringbone. He looked more like a city business man than a rural schoolteacher. "We've got some champion pole-vaulting stock here," he smiled. His wife, who had greeted us while he was chasing cows, excused herself to look after a child, and he walked along with us toward a row of gnarled crêpe myrtle trees.

"I understand you have a new kind of education here," I said. "And that you started the first rural credit union for Negroes in the state. I'd like to hear more about it."

"The credit union was started in 1936, but it was the people around here that really made it work," he said. "Anyway, it's only a small part of what we do." It was, perhaps, a small part of the Bricks Rural Life School Project, but it was the inspiration for twenty-seven other rural credit unions in the state. Twenty-five of them were started in the past four years, and some are larger now than the original.

He told me about the early days. The Negroes in the little community at Bricks and on the surrounding farms couldn't see how they could possibly save any money. They didn't have any. Every year they took their peanuts and their tobacco and cotton to the storekeeper, who gave them credit on which to buy flour and supplies. They couldn't argue about his bookkeeping, partly because they didn't understand it and partly because it wouldn't have been wise. They were always in debt.

When the credit union was organized, the storekeepers objected, and when Negroes began to come in with credit-union money and pay up, they accused McLean of taking their people away from them. When, a little later, McLean opened a cooperative store at Bricks, his enemies threatened to wreck the whole program. It was a long time before this opposition was overcome.

The credit union played no bookkeeping tricks on the farmers who built it up with nickels and dimes. They borrowed from it at 6 per cent instead of at the 30 to 50 per cent, and even higher, they had been paying. Every year some families borrowed from it to finance the purchase of land of their own. Eight families borrowed down payments last year.

McLean was right when he told me it was only a small part of his work at Bricks. For the people in the neighborhood, and especially for a selected group of families signed up for five years each on the school's 1,100-acre farm, he is providing a new and better education for rural life. The children learn about vitamins and health as they learn to read, write, and figure. Very early they learn how to have a vegetable garden; in North Carolina they can grow greens of some kind all the year round. They learn about the need for rotation and soil-building feed crops, as well as about the best methods for getting good money crops like peanuts, tobacco, and cotton.

Bricks has a much-used, battered, but spotless canning plant, and more than 17,000 quarts of fruits, vegetables, and meat went into tin cans and glass jars last year. Families come in groups and make quick work of putting up their peas, tomatoes, pork, and beef. McLean urges his people to keep cows and hogs, which furnish natural fertilizer. With this, and proper compost heaps, the need for commercial fertilizer can be sharply reduced. This is the big yearly cash purchase and the item which most often drives small farm families into debt.

A rural health program is carried on at Bricks; there is a clinic with a nurse on the job and a doctor who comes in at stated times. Emphasis is on preventive medicine—775 typhoid shots were given in 1945. Pre-natal and child care are other specialties.

Bricks is not a large project. It works only with the people within about fifteen miles of the settlement. But it is one of a rapidly growing chain of educational centers for Negroes in the South. It is a demonstration project, and people from all around come to look and learn. The families who go out from it to their own places often become demonstrators themselves. Like the centers at McIntosh, Georgia, and Athens and Marion, Alabama, it was originally sponsored and is now partly supported by the American Missionary Association.

I asked McLean about the Southern Conference for Human Welfare and other organizations which are trying to gain a better political position for his people. He said they were important and that he was for them. He had long been urging his people to vote at Bricks, and most of them did. "Such organizations are good," he said, "but I think people have to work for things themselves to get anything lasting out of them. If we can get poor people to work together, as families and as communities, I think we've accomplished something. Others then see that it *is* possible for them to get what they all want—a place of their own."

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Business on Trial

"DEMISE of OPA No Great Blow to U. S. Economy," proclaimed the headline over one of those editorializing news-stories in which the arch-Republican New York *Sun* specializes. The story, a dispatch from Washington dated July 3, alleged that Administration officials were terribly embarrassed because prices had not immediately soared into the stratosphere, thus scaring Congress into reinstating stringent controls. "Forty-eight hours after the demise of price control," it asserted, "it is now clear beyond question that the emergency created by President Truman's veto of the OPA extension bill has been met with patriotic confidence and restraint."

I have no authority to speak for the Administration but, as a strong supporter of continued price control, I shall be extremely happy if the consequences of its removal prove less serious than I expect. But I would like to suggest that the *Sun's* radiant optimism is a trifle premature. The fact that wholesale commodity prices receded in some cases from the highs reached the first day after the expiration of OPA proves absolutely nothing. Speculative markets always move jerkily and a mild reaction as quick-turn operators take profits is only natural. But I note that on Wednesday, the day the *Sun's* article appeared, hog and beef prices at Omaha were again trending upwards despite a very heavy run of animals. Cotton, too, after losing part of its big Monday gains, turned strong at the close on Wednesday.

One factor tending to check exuberance in commodity markets is the tendency of the big processors to restrict their buying pending a clarification of the situation. They fear that, if a new OPA bill is passed, they will be forced back to their June 30 ceilings and not permitted to include in prices higher material costs they have incurred meanwhile. On Tuesday, according to the Journal of Commerce, wholesale business in finished cotton goods was practically at a standstill. A few scattered sales for immediate delivery were made at 15 to 20 per cent above former ceilings but, for the most part, dealers in the market were "watching all others for a possible price jump," with each firm hesitant to make the first move lest it be marked as "a gouger."

Protestations by business organizations to the effect that they will combat inflation at all costs do not offer much reassurance about the future course of prices. No doubt many of them express a sincere intention but in any case business would be very foolish to take any other line pending final Congressional decision on the fate of OPA. An immediate rush to hoist prices would invite irresistible public pressure for the renewal of price controls with additional teeth in them. The obvious strategy for the N. A. M. and other enemies of OPA is to lie low for the moment and do everything possible to allay public alarm. Then Congress, anxious to adjourn, may be induced to pass a bill similar to the vetoed one, or even to leave the situation as it now is.

Another thing that business has to take into account is the fact that Mr. Truman's dramatic action has made consumers extremely inflation-conscious. Any sudden rise in the general price-level would create a lot of sales-resistance and might lead to a buyers' strike. There are, therefore, good reasons for immediate caution but, if Congress fails to take effective action and public excitement dies down, I am prepared to bet that we shall see prices for every article in short supply quietly moving forward while business continues to distract public attention with loud anti-inflationary fanfares.

Let us not forget that the bill Congress passed and the President vetoed would have produced very similar results, for the amendment planted by Senator Taft was a delayed action inflation bomb which would have exploded ceilings in all directions. It is true that some of the striking examples of price increases mandatory under the bill, which Mr. Truman quoted in his radio speech of June 29, have been challenged. Arthur Krock, in one of his insinuating columns in the New York *Times*, suggests that had the President consulted men with technical experience of production, he might have revised his views about the Taft amedment.

On this point, therefore, it is well to note what representative organs of business opinion had to say about the effects of the bill before it was vetoed. *The Journal of Commerce* for June 27 declared:

> For a time, there will be little or no resistance to higher prices for most products. Literal application of the Taft amendment formula would permit increases in prices all along the line, for products that can be produced at reasonable profits at existing prices as well as for others that can now be manufactured only at a loss.

Business Week of June 29 was even more emphatic:

> The Taft-Wherry line on non-agricultural products is not a line, it's a staircase. And under the new law wage controls go phut. . . . With prices constantly stepping upward there will be the strongest temptation to hold back deliveries of goods at every stage in the production cycle.

Finally, describing the OPA's position under the bill, the *Wall Street Journal* of June 29 pointed out:

> With its legal authority to fix prices hedged about, and its expense and subsidy appropriations reduced, the agency's ability to enforce its orders would be worse than doubtful.

If the President had yielded to clamor and signed the Price Control Extension bill, the OPA would have become a lightning rod for public anger. It could have done little to prevent rising prices and lagging production but it would have relieved business of the blame for both. Consequently, if this bill really represents the best Congress can do, there is much to be said for letting all controls go, except for those on rents which Congress dare not leave to the laws of supply and demand. The abolition of ceilings will, at least, enable consumers to pin responsibility for inflation where it belongs and it may arouse them to exert a restraining influence on prices by boycotting merchants and manufacturers who take advantage of the situation. As the *Journal of Commerce* puts it: "The end of price control places American business on trial before public opinion."

KEITH HUTCHISON

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Life, Thought, Liberty

CONCORD AND LIBERTY. By José Ortega y Gasset. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.75.

IF ORTEGA'S is not a first-rate mind—and I use the word in its most restrictive sense—it is at least a mind of first-rate sensitivity and of first-rate philosophic culture. It is just to observe this at the start, since whatever strictures one makes on this book should not obscure its remarkably stimulating value in laying hold of major and subtle themes. The very range of the subjects covered by these four essays is an indication of their virtues of philosophic culture and sensitivity: the title essay, "Concord and Liberty," a discussion of the political significance of the Roman Republic; "Notes on Thinking," a commentary on the historical dimension of human thought; "Prologue to a History of Philosophy," in which Ortega carries this historical point of view farther, maintaining that philosophy is inseparable from the history of philosophy; and, finally, a very useful essay on Wilhelm Dilthey, "A Chapter from the History of Ideas," which perhaps affords the best key to Ortega's thought as a whole.

In the nineteenth century, working under and yet away from the influence of Hegel, Kant, and German idealism generally, Dilthey seized upon one great Idea—and Ortega insists that this idea is worth capitals—the Idea of Life. Life, in Dilthey's sense, is not the definite concept of biological science nor the biologico-metaphysical concept of Bergson, but simply the notion of historical development applied to human reason and its achievements. Man has no nature but only a history, Dilthey said, and he set out to understand philosophy from this point of view. Yet, according to Ortega, he never managed to work out this idea satisfactorily, but remained a "halting and stammering genius," his written output disappointing—which explains why his influence has been so much less than he merits. The unfortunate thing is that Dilthey never became familiar with Marx and Kierkegaard, who were also revolted progeny of Hegel and traveling in much the same direction as he, though over different roads. In fact, taking the three together, we are able to offer one definition of Hegel's greatness: he was so great that in the nineteenth century one had to be a really creative mind simply to escape him.

Ortega also uses Dilthey to criticize Husserl in a remarkable postscript to his essay, Notes on Thinking. Husserl in his very conception of phenomenology as a completely rigorous, self-grounded, and self-justifying discipline—and the only one—would attempt to escape from the historical relativism which Dilthey asserts to be inescapable. The confrontation of Husserl with Dilthey provides the possibility of a first-rate philosophic dialogue, and I wish Ortega had exploited this possibility exhaustively instead of merely raising the issue in a footnote. Nevertheless, we are grateful for his perception of this rich theme. There is no doubt that in this rather anti-historical aspect of this thought Husserl is outside the tradition of modern thought: his aspirations really belong with the eighteenth century, or even with more classical periods. Ortega makes against Husserl the capital point that philosophy begins from a pre-theoretical stage of thought to which it must incessantly return; I do not know whether this argument would be fatal to Husserl's claims, but if Ortega is right in using Dilthey against Husserl, then certain later German attempts—Heidegger, for example—to work out the insights of Kierkegaard on a purely phenomenological basis are doomed to carry a major internal contradiction. This too is a question worth exploring further.

But the fundamentally questionable issue raised by this book is whether Ortega's insight has really attained any greater completeness than Dilthey's. Ortega still sees history basically from the point of view of the *Geisteswissenschaften*, the historical humanities: the forces that make ideas and philosophies historically relative are for him largely ideal phenomena, the cultural and intellectual environment, rather than the rough raw edge of material fact and historical contingency. Dilthey's insight can be completed only by being carried forward into the more radical points of view of Marx's historical materialism and Kierkegaard's notion of the inescapable contingency of the individual existing thinker. (For my own part, I should like to make use of both points of view, and I see no conclusive reason for not doing so.) The failure to make use of either Marx or Kierkegaard is of course less excusable in Ortega than in Dilthey, who was closer to them in time.

The reason for this failure is, I think, that Ortega remains above all a passionate and unreconstructed aristocrat. The intellectual tradition to which he remains faithful is the high Brahmanism of German academic thought, with all its great merits and its shortcomings. This becomes clearest when Ortega deals with a specific social theme, in his interpretation of "concord and liberty" within the Roman Republic. True liberty, he maintains, came to an end in Rome at the time of Cicero's death, and the latter's treatise, "The Republic," was in fact an epitaph on its subject. But this overlooks such facts as Catiline's conspiracy, with its obvious social meaning that, if Cicero's class did enjoy liberty during the late Republic, there were also oppressed classes in Rome for whom liberty meant very little and concord even less. The end of Roman liberty has to be placed at least a century earlier: the unsuccessful revolt of the Gracchi was the last effort to recapture the original meaning of the tribunate of the people; and the economic and military realities consequent upon Rome's expansion, which had severed Cicero's class from organic communion with the plebes, also buried this class eventually under the dictatorship. True, Cicero's expressed ideals are those of the old Republic, but this is a lag of superstructure behind substructure, a case of nostalgia in a far deeper sense than Ortega—who is misled here by reading history too exclusively in terms of its ideal aspects—realizes. That, in fact, is why Cicero is so attractive a figure for him: like Cicero, Ortega is nostalgic for a vanished

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order that can never be restored. Shakespeare, in "Coriolanus," has a more cynical and far more truthful view of the conflicts of class within the Roman Republic.

WILLIAM BARRETT

India

INDIA TODAY. AN INTRODUCTION TO INDIAN POLITICS. By Raleigh Parkin. The John Day Company. $3.75.

RESTLESS INDIA. By Lawrence K. Rosinger. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

THE MAHATMA AND THE WORLD. By Krishnalal Shridharani. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.50.

OF THE three volumes on India noticed here by far the most informative is that by Mr. Parkin. It is an explicit and well-documented collection of facts and narrative of events, likely by reason of its style to be a little dull to any large number of American readers but rewarding to those who have grown weary of vague statements that India's political problem is too complex for generalizations and conclusions and who would like for once to hear about the elements that produce the complexity. This remark does not mean that Mr. Parkin has "explained" the whole Indian situation or even appears to think he has. His account of the Indian social structure occupies only some twenty pages, and that of the economic structure only twenty-seven, while the larger cultural background, with an indication of the values which India or varying Indian groups have sought in civilization, is not treated at all. What Mr. Parkin does give is a description of the present constitution and government accompanied by brief data concerning their recent evolution; the present system of administration and defense, including the cost; the political groups now active, with some remarks on their origin and development; the character of the Indian (native) states; the relations of India with other countries, especially those within the British Commonwealth of Nations; and Indian nationalism before and during the First World War, between the two wars, during the Second World War, and afterward down to the end of the summer of 1945. The discussion naturally focuses chiefly on the struggle of nationalism to achieve independence from Britain and to preserve the country as a unit, in spite of the Moslem League's program of Pakistan. The author sides with no party, writes without heat, though with occasional irritation at Gandhi—a feeling shared by a fair number of Indians—and studiously refrains from asserting opinions. The work is objective throughout, even though it seems at times that the author has not quite enough Indian background to present all the Hindu or Moslem feeling on a subject—for example, in discussing Gandhi's doctrine of non-violence (*ahinsa*) and soul-force (*satyagraha*), or, in a different field, the complications of the Hindu-Moslem situation as affected by Jinnah's former association with the Congress. Both British and Nationalist claims are viewed critically—for example, British charges that Congress is dominated by Gandhi as a dictator and Congress claims of membership. Events since Cripps went to India in 1942 to make an offer of two or more separate Indias—if anyone (say the Moslem League) could get a province to want such a division—are well treated, and the last words of the book state that the Labor Government, just come to office, is following a policy such that "a new chapter in Indian political history was about to open." This is being proved true, now that Cripps, with others, has returned to India with a new offer, reversing the former one and requiring that India remain a single nation.

Mr. Parkin's book developed from a small but also good beginning made by him and two associates in 1941, revised and enlarged in 1942, and now remade a second time. Each reincarnation has been an improvement. It is not unreasonable to expect the work to have some day a fourth existence which will treat aspects of the Indian situation not yet well covered. One of these would be that of radical labor and peasant movements and the activities of the Communist Party in India. Discussion of these seems a bit vague in the present volume—can one really call Nehru a "Marxian," and how can Gandhi be a "radical" on page 93 and a "right-wing leader" on page 96? The issues interesting such groups do not even command mention in Mr. Parkin's bibliography, which omits such a well-known work as R. Palme Dutt's "India Today." A difficult but important subject which might repay more extended treatment is the effect upon British policy toward India of internal British affairs and British policy toward other nations. Another point is the relation of Near East Moslems and Indian Moslems—the former seem definitely uninterested in, if not actually hostile to, the Pakistan idea. Some correction of detail is needed for material already included. For example, in treating caste Mr. Parkin makes no mention of the Shudra castes and implies that they belong to the Untouchables. This is an error of serious political and social proportions, especially for southern India. But these various remarks are not meant to detract from the real merits of the book as it stands.

Mr. Rosinger's little book is written in a brighter style than Mr. Parkin's and is meant to tell the busy Foreign Policy luncher what he ought to know about India. It is a fair and objective work also, but it leaves out documentation and the detail that might make it of some use three or four years from now. Originally it was a pamphlet published by the Foreign Policy Association in its Headline Series at a price of 35 cents, and sanctified by an introductory statement from the Earl of Halifax. It is now issued by Henry Holt, apparently printed from the same plates, at a price of $2, and without the sanctification. There seems to be an implication that it is worth $1.65 to a non-member of the Foreign Policy Association not to read Lord Halifax on India.

Mr. Shridharani, who has a smooth and lively flow of words, has written an idealized appreciation of Gandhi, discussing his personal qualities from the point of view of a devoted disciple. His work, with its series of descriptions of moments in the Mahatma's life, does not add to our knowledge of Gandhi in the sense of presenting new factual material or of relating Gandhi to the issues before India today. Neither does it reveal the national significance to India of Gandhi. But it does show details of Hindu thought, strange to Westerners but logical in India's culture, which help to give India the moral strength which informs its nationalism.

W. NORMAN BROWN

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A Victorian Utopia

MIDWEST AT NOON. By Graham Hutton. University of Chicago Press. $3.75.

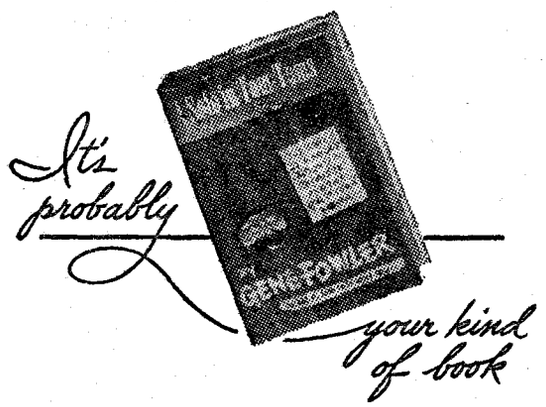
GRAHAM HUTTON had the delicate job during the war of directing the activities of the British Information Service in Chicago. He has taken the subtlest possible revenge —which was to write a book about the Middle West which does not mention the Chicago *Tribune.*

The omission of the World's Greatest Newspaper was probably a triumph of malice over perspective, for Mr. Hutton has omitted very little else in his sympathetic and fact-laden study of America's inland empire. The author took to the country, studied its history, traveled extensively across it —more than 100,000 miles—and talked with its people. His book reports in detail on agriculture, urbanization, folkways, scenery, schools, and almost anything you can think of. He appears to have ended by liking about everything except the climate. Baking under the scorching Illinois sun, freezing in the icy blasts off Lake Michigan, he stored up a profound hatred which makes the long and funny diatribe against Midwest weather the liveliest passage in the book. Mr. Hutton concludes that maybe Midwesterners were isolationists because their aggressive instincts were exhausted in the process of coming to terms with the climate.

His tolerance seems to have been extended less happily to the Midwestern style, and the customary British economy and lucidity have fallen behind. You will find here none of the clipped and trenchant wit of such British visitors as Mr. Brogan or Mr. Crowther, but instead a voluble, repetitious, and rather unaccented prose, which accepts words like "enthuse" and tends to drench the subject with the mere outpouring of verbiage.

Hutton's basic view is that "Midwesterners are a youthful and romantic people . . . a self-reliant, self-assertive, but extremely kindly folk," out of the first flush of optimism, however, and somewhat insecure—"they know they are still 'going places' and are not sure whither." Their optimism—their certainty that anything can be solved permanently, quickly, and easily—reminds him wistfully of the optimism of Victorian Britain; and he warns that it runs the same risks of disappointment and frustration. "Happily with all their idealism and perfectionism, which often tends to make the best the enemy of the good, they are realistic, matter-of-fact, self-critical, and adaptable. If they were not, Americans and many others might view their future more gloomily."

These remarks are tinged, not with patronage, but with envy. The whole tone of the book shows vividly how perspectives have changed in two decades. What would the author of "Main Street" have thought if he had been told that in 1946 a traveled and sophisticated Englishman would write, "The Midwest is the greatest repository of individualism and of respect for the individual in America, which means the world"? But Babbitt—like Mr. Pontifex—is an amiable tyrant when compared to Himmler or Vishinsky. Mr. Hutton's nostalgia is probably correct: the Midwest is the closest thing today to Victorian England, with much the same weaknesses and much the same strength, as placid, as smiling, and as remote. ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.



Its irreverent yet tender story, its nostalgic picture of the turn-of-the-century West, its hilarious anecdotes of Fowler's celebrated cronies, have made it just the kind of book thousands seem to have been looking for—probably the kind you have been looking for, too.

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Poetry Explained

THE NATURE OF POETRY. By Donald A. Stauffer. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

THIS is a professor's book rather than a critic's. It is a good professor's book. The argument is arranged in a clear, if somewhat mechanical, pattern with its points grouped under the seven main heads of exactness, intensity, significance, concreteness, complexity, rhythmicalness, and formality. The exposition is admirably clear, and Professor Stauffer is not afraid to repeat or to stop at regular intervals to advise the reader of just where he is in the argument. Professor Stauffer is thoroughly acquainted with standard theory, and out of his wide, professional knowledge of poetry he is always able to quote the right people at the right time, to quote them with good sense, and, on occasion —for example, Housman or Arnold—to analyze them brilliantly. In short, this book has all the virtues of an extremely competent instructor's course of lectures for undergraduates on the nature of poetry.

It is inevitable that such a book should have certain limitations precisely because of the audience it aims at. What are virtues, granted this audience, become drawbacks for another. Far too often, for other than undergraduate purposes, the too familiar argument or illustration turns up in the foreseen place: Sidney is quoted for the didactic theory

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of poetry, Cowper—this is, I believe, a mistaken commonplace—illustrates the flat use of detail, and "Antony and Cleopatra" organic form. Indeed, there are places where the reader suspects Professor Stauffer has not revised his lectures since his return from the Pacific, as when he remarks, as if we were still in the '30's, that "the critical problem that promises to engage the present century centers on the relation between art and propaganda." There are even a few instances of what may appear to be the professional attitude in the bad sense, as when Dryden comes in for the usual easy and unfair dressing down or when the partial contradiction in the name "free verse" is used to dispose of the whole idea. (Poor Mr. Winters, whose "Primitivism and Decadence" has a fine discussion of the rhythms of free verse, is passed over in Professor Stauffer's Book List, which, however, finds space for Alden's somewhat antiquated handbook of versification.)

There may, however, be a better reason for these oversimplifications, and, in view of Professor Stauffer's general intelligence, it is probably the more likely reason. It is inevitable in a book of this kind that the really difficult questions of poetic theory will come up, and it is the nature of the case that the expositor must not get involved in them. It is certainly dubious theory, for example, to say that a poet's exactness consists in the reader's conviction that "his words mirror his mind fully, clearly, and without distortion" and to argue for "individual utterance" and against "elegant uniformity." (Is it the poet's mind which counts? Does this attitude not open up all sorts of irrelevant psychological bypaths? What is the technical skill which Professor Stauffer so ably analyzes elsewhere but a display of elegance among verbal uniformities?) Yet the expositor of poetry, unless he is prepared to plunge into the complex question of the relation to the value of the poem of the poet's personality, must take either this line or the "objective" line—an equally dubious piece of theory in its simple form.

Thus the unavoidable necessity for setting limits to the complexity of the argument, which is what gives Professor Stauffer's book its great virtue of clarity of exposition, sets limits to the general value of his argument. Within these limits he has done an admirable job, and his book must certainly be the best available introductory book on the subject.

ARTHUR MIZENER

Grandfather Caribbean

CARIBBEAN, SEA OF THE NEW WORLD. By Germán Arciniegas. Translated from the Spanish by Harriet de Onis. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75.

SEVERAL times during the rare peaceful interludes of our distracting century we North Americans have been on the verge of "discovering" the Caribbean. The intention—never quite fulfilled—has been touched with patronage. It is a little as if, in one's brash 'teens, one proposed to discover one's grandfather; an amazing grandfather, battle-scarred, of vast distinction and infinite experience in good and evil. For the Caribbean, its lapidary bow of islands and the encircling Main, were already old, with a brocaded, golden, splendid age, when our forbears of the cooler Continent were humbly

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whittling spinning wheels and were still excited by the white potato.

Germán Arciniegas is a Columbian, a scholar and writer of distinction both in his own country and in ours. Geographically speaking, Señor Arciniegas has spent the better part of his life looking up to the Caribbean; we in the United States have looked down on it. It seems to make a difference.

At length, and after what must have been enormous and rewarding reading, he has undertaken to tell the whole of the lusty, violent, and heroic story, from that immortal instant in the quiet October night when the lookout on the Pinta sighted the first landfall in the west, to the faro-dealers politics of Roosevelt I by which we acquired the Panama Canal Zone. (Still, one gathers, a sore point with a Colombian.) He has succeeded, probably as well as any writer ever can in the space of a single volume.

History—(if I may be permitted so unfashionable and romantic a belief)—is made by men. Inevitably, the story of the Caribbean becomes the tale of the incomparable company of actors who played their fiercely romantic, often tragic roles upon that hotly sunlit stage. Inasmuch as mass biography is peculiarly difficult, Señor Arciniegas is not always successful. Christopher Columbus, to my view, remains elusive, of far too small a stature. But in their velvet and their rags, their armor and their sweat-stained uniforms, they all march past, a memorable procession. Cortés; Balboa; Drake; Toussaint the gentle conqueror, and Bolivar; the first, worst, yet most endearing of the New World's Morgans; French, Dutch, Spaniards, Danes, blacks, whites, and—as the usually admirable translator so mysteriously calls the sorely trampled aborigines—the "parrot hued"; all take form.

The past, like the picturesque, is another's discomfort. In "Caribbean" one journeys vicariously, with skilled pilotage, through four centuries of life, change, splendor, of Olympian adventure, with an ease, a relish—and perspective—denied the participants. That is what books are for. And this book is a very solid and a very worthy one indeed.

JOHN VANDERCOOK

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FICTION IN REVIEW

HELEN HOWE'S new novel, "We Happy Few" (Simon and Schuster, $2.75), is about a Boston girl who learns to be an American woman. Bred in the isolate culture of Boston and its environs, Dorothea Natwick is priggish and self-absorbed, over-sensible of the social and intellectual values which are her birthright, a flagrantly inconspicuous consumer of very expensive advantages. The process of her education is the process of opening out her horizons beyond herself and her immediate society until her spirit includes all the multitudes that are democratic America.

The chief point, that is, of Miss Howe's novel is the equation it makes between parochialism and infantilism, between maturity and the ability to encompass the multitudinousness of life beyond the borders of one's own parish. But curiously enough, it is in the first half of her book, when Miss Howe is concentrating on the embattled culture of her small section of New England, before she introduces her heroine to the enlarging experience of the great West, that she manages not only to be most entertaining but also to suggest the most mature and universal meanings. It is in the early portions of "We Happy Few," laid in Constable where Dorothea's father is master of a boys' school and where her mother has such a happy field for her eccentricities of pride, or in Cambridge, where Dorothea, as the wife of a Harvard instructor, continues the Natwick tradition, that Miss Howe, for all that she is dealing with such highly specialized individuals, yet tells us most about our least specialized selves. This is of course the genius of satire, that, with the exaggeration of humor, it extends the particular into general truth. In the second half of her novel, however, Miss Howe deserts Boston, to have Dorothea discover the American range and American humanity. The selflessness that neither marriage, motherhood, adultery, war work nor death has been able to teach Dorothea, an experience of ordinary Americanism does teach her. It is the lesson of democracy that finally cuts Dorothea down to size. The only flaw is that, with her, democracy itself also gets cut down to size—Miss Howe's firmest intentions to the contrary notwithstanding. "We Happy Few" ends with the wide American panorama presenting itself as little more than a series of small-spirited, harassed, and unhappy people who in their uneducated fashion are just as egotistical as the well-educated Dorothea. The commonalty of man, therapy for a poorly balanced emo-

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tional nature, shows itself to be largely a matter of helping make sandwiches with the other ladies or holding a neighbor's crying child. Miss Howe's novel falls apart in the middle and the break, it seems to me, is the result of a fault not so much of narrative structure as of basic idea.

The idea is of course a popular one. Miss Howe is scarcely alone among current novelists in regarding democracy—or the proletariat, or the fight against fascism, or a sweeping view of the multitudinousness of American life—as if it were a medicine especially prepared to cure the sick soul of the modern individual. One recalls, as an extreme instance, the novel of a few years ago in which a young woman was cured of neurosis by giving visas to refugees; or the more recent example in which the heroine was saved from nervous collapse by joining the movement for cooperatives. As a matter of fact, asked to name, on the evidence of the novels I read, the one dominant trend of our progressive literary culture, I would probably specify this mechanical notion that the individual finds himself by losing himself in some larger social manifestation.

That, despite her sincere belief in this idea of social therapy, Miss Howe herself aborts it by giving us, alongside the certification of Dorothea's health, such a dreary picture of indiscriminate American society speaks, I think, very well for her deeper novelistic endowments; and I mean this quite without irony. It is as if the eye and ear that can catch the subtle nuances of the first sections of "We Happy Few" cannot but go on to betray Miss Howe's formulation of conscience. While Miss Howe's program calls for Dorothea's regeneration through contemplation of some vast body of corporate virtue called the United States of Democracy, her literary senses feel out all the petty snobberies and prides that are found to inform a nation of human beings. One can only hope that her writing future will trust these senses, that Miss Howe will try to proceed not by good works but by her large gifts of grace.

These gifts of grace are Miss Howe's satiric powers, which she herself evidently respects very little or she would not try to drown them in favor of a soft "affirmation" of life; and it is a judgment supported, I fear, by the dominant literary culture of our time. I daresay that the majority of Miss Howe's readers and critics, if they approve the satiric portions of her novel at all, will approve them only as preparation of the sound and wholesome moralism that follows. That there is more moral realism and therefore more true morality of every kind in the brief high-comic descriptions of Mrs. Natwick's cheery barn funerals or in Miss Howe's chart of priorities on Henry James among the Harvard faculty or in her anatomy of the picnic basket than there is in all Dorothea's long passages over the American frontiers is, I suppose, as difficult of comprehension today as the idea that criticism can still be constructive even if it fails to announce a positive platform. Of all our morality, but especially of our social-political morality, we demand that it be given straight and bitter, undiluted with fun. Because draughts of solemnity taste so bad, we deceive ourselves that they are our eye-openers instead of our newest opiates.

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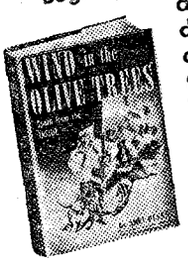

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Music

B. H. HAGGIN

OCCASIONALLY I am also reminded of people's notions about performance. Thus, a reader questioned my May 4 reference to Caruso's art as "a vocal, not a musical one": it seemed to him that if one heard a great vocal art one heard a great musical one—that the free flow of beautiful sound was musical.

In my article I had explained "vocal art rather than a musical one" as "an art in singing, not in musical phrasing," and had said that Caruso's emotion "did not express itself in inflection of the musical phrase that employed his voice, but in manipulation of his voice that sometimes produced a beautiful legato phrase and sometimes tore the phrase to pieces." But evidently this distinction had no meaning for my reader, as it has none for most people—the people, for example, who are surprised, bewildered, or even outraged by my criticisms of musicians like Heifetz, Horowitz, and Koussevitzky. I am not referring now to those for whom the performance of any celebrated musician is good, and all the performances by celebrated musicians are equally good in their various ways. I am referring to those who reason that to perform a piece of music is to produce the required sounds, and to produce beautiful sounds is to perform the piece well, and who, dazzled by the tonal splendors produced by Heifetz or Horowitz or Koussevitzky, ask what can be wrong with them, what indeed could be better. They neither perceive nor can understand the distinction between the sensuous quality of a violinist's tone and the phraseological inflection of the tone, and the fact that the dazzling beauty of Heifetz's tone amounts to superb playing of the violin but his fussy, wailing inflection of the tone most often produces a sentimentalizing, cheapening performance of the music.

A letter from another reader made this distinction about Koussevitzky. "The sound was marvelously fine; and the *Eroica* was a real performance, which carried a certain conviction because it was all so consistent and carefully worked out. There were, of course, the characteristic distortions of the quiet melodies of the first movement; and comparing it with Toscanini's performance revealed exactly what you have always pointed out in Toscanini's playing—the alive flow, the rhythmic continuity, which carries the music forward always with a kind of inevitability, so that the huge intensities come about naturally yet with greatest effect, nothing is distorted or over-emphasized, and the piece adds up to a tremendous intensity and force. The Koussevitzky first movement did not build up at all. Everything was played beautifully but it didn't make a large whole; as a result the climaxes seemed tame and without the exciting meaning Toscanini gives them... But the sound of the orchestra is one of the refinements of civilization."

But a great musician I know surprised me recently by dismissing Koussevitzky as "no conductor, only a dilettante." I was surprised because it turned out that he was thinking of the rhythmic slovenliness, distortion of phrase, and other musical defects that had caused him to leave the concert before the end; and I would have expected him to distinguish Koussevitzky the musician from Koussevitzky the conductor. But then he surprised me further by insisting that he meant the conductor too, contending that the orchestra played marvelously because it was a group of wonderful musicians; and I would have expected him to know better than that. The orchestra that Koussevitzky conducted at his first concert in New York, in November 1924, was the same group of players that Monteux had conducted the preceding April; but its sonority and style were astonishingly changed to what—despite all subsequent changes in personnel—has remained the characteristic sonority and style of the Boston Symphony ever since; and clearly what changed them and then kept them unchanged—except to polish and refine and perfect them—was Koussevitzky. It is the years of work with him that make it possible for the orchestra to play with the same fabulous beauty and finish without him, as it did, for example, when Nadia Boulanger beat time for it at the Harvard Fauré Festival.

The continuity in a Toscanini performance is produced by a continuous activity—a moment-to-moment exercise of concentration, attentiveness, effort, control—which is fascinating and moving to watch in its relation to the moment-to-moment flow of the performance. These two geared continuities are what the OWI film of his performances of Verdi's Overture to "La Forza del Destino" and Hymn of the Nations should have given us by keeping him in uninterrupted view throughout each performance—relating him visually to other participants possibly by changing the angle of the camera to include them, possibly by piecing their images into the background of his, possibly in some other way. Instead the film uses the technique that is conventional in films of orchestral performances—of shifting back and forth between the conductor and members of the orchestra. This technique gives us a number of close-range shots of Toscanini in action—but each time only a few moments of this action broken off for the blowing of the clarinettist or the sawing of the cellists or the singing of a section of the chorus. The moments are impressive and exciting, but not as the uninterrupted sequence would be.

While I am speaking of Toscanini I should mention that throughout the past year I continued to feel the tenseness in his performances that I spoke of in December—a lack of the natural flow described by my reader. I mentioned an example of this in my review of the recorded performance of "The Stars and Stripes Forever" last week: in the earlier performance on the army V-disc there was a relaxed, spacious broadening out for the concluding passage; in the performance on the Victor record there is a tense driving ahead in this passage. It may be the result of emotional strain; and perhaps the performances next fall will show a relaxation of the tension.

Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

I BELIEVE that the art of Jean Dubuffet—three examples of which I discussed two weeks ago—has been related to French Existentialism. As the brightest new hope of the School of Paris since Miró, it is quite fitting that Dubuffet should rise to notice on the wave of the first new aesthetic movement in Paris since Surrealism, which similarly inspired Miró. (The point would be that French painting since 1925 has become directly dependent as never before on literary and philosophical movements.)

It is easy to perceive the affinities between Dubuffet's painting—which attacks the human form with graffiti

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modeled on children's drawings and with linear schemes in the manner of Klee (influenced by the blueprint and map)—and the world-hating attitudes revealed by French Existentialism in such works as Jean-Paul Sartre's *La Nausée*. On the assumption that the highest truth is always hidden, one has the impulse to deny the ultimate importance of a connection so obvious to the first comer. But one would be wrong here. And the problem is not even to ascertain the connection but to date it.

La Nausée was published in 1938 and Dubuffet has come into prominence only with the war. (I gather from an article in *Art News* by Aline B. Louchheim that he is in his forties, began painting shortly after the last war as a disciple of cubism, gave it up in frustration to become a successful wine-dealer, and returned to it only during the recent war.) Dubuffet's devalorization of the human image, the hatred he concentrates on public faces in public places would appear to have been motivated by events in France under the Vichy regime. And the same events are popularly made responsible for the vogue of Existentialism among French intellectuals. But Sartre adopted his philosophy before the war, and it seems to me that it would have attained a certain popularity even without the disasters of the war, while I am sure that Dubuffet's pessimism derives from an experience antedating and underlying that of the most recent history. Such nihilism, embodied as cogently and as successfully as it is in paint, could not have been improvised on the moment's notice of a war that lasted five years. The very quality of Dubuffet's art make it plain that it rests on the experience of a lifetime and on a deep-seated and constant view of the world.

What we have to do with here is an historical mood that has simply seized upon Existentialism to formulate and justify itself, but which had been gathering strength long before most of the people concerned had ever read Heidegger or Kierkegaard. Pessimism has become appropriate since 1918, and it only remained for the late 1930's to replace the exuberant and, in a sense, frivolous, hedonistic pessimism of dada and surrealism (the latter of which was at least optimistic enough to enroll itself behind the revolution) with the radical and logically responsible pessimism of Existentialism. So consequent is Existentialism that, although it pretends to discriminate between the stuffed shirts, the *tricheurs* or "stinkers," and the truly honest men, in actual fact it consigns all of humanity, regardless of status or function, to contempt and despair. The shrinking possibilities of bourgeois society in Western Europe, the hypocrisies it requires in order to keep it stable, seem no longer to leave room for anything else.

One cannot deny the historical justification of this attitude, and to see it bodied forth in such a strong work of art as Dubuffet's "Promeneuse au parapluie" is to realize its even profounder justification as far as daily life is concerned. Whatever the affectations and the philosophical sketchiness of Existentialism, it is aesthetically appropriate to our age, and may make up in art for what it lacks as a complete philosophy. Precisely for this reason it may be able to reach a fuller expression in painting than in fiction—which is a less opaque medium and therefore more liable to expose the flimsiness of any formal philosophical support.

What we have to do with here, I repeat, is not so much a philosophy as a mood; and just as painting, after 1900, became the greatest and most satisfactory expression of the moods of Paris—perhaps more cogent even than Apollinaire's and Valéry's poetry—so may it continue to express her moods after 1940.

CONTRIBUTORS

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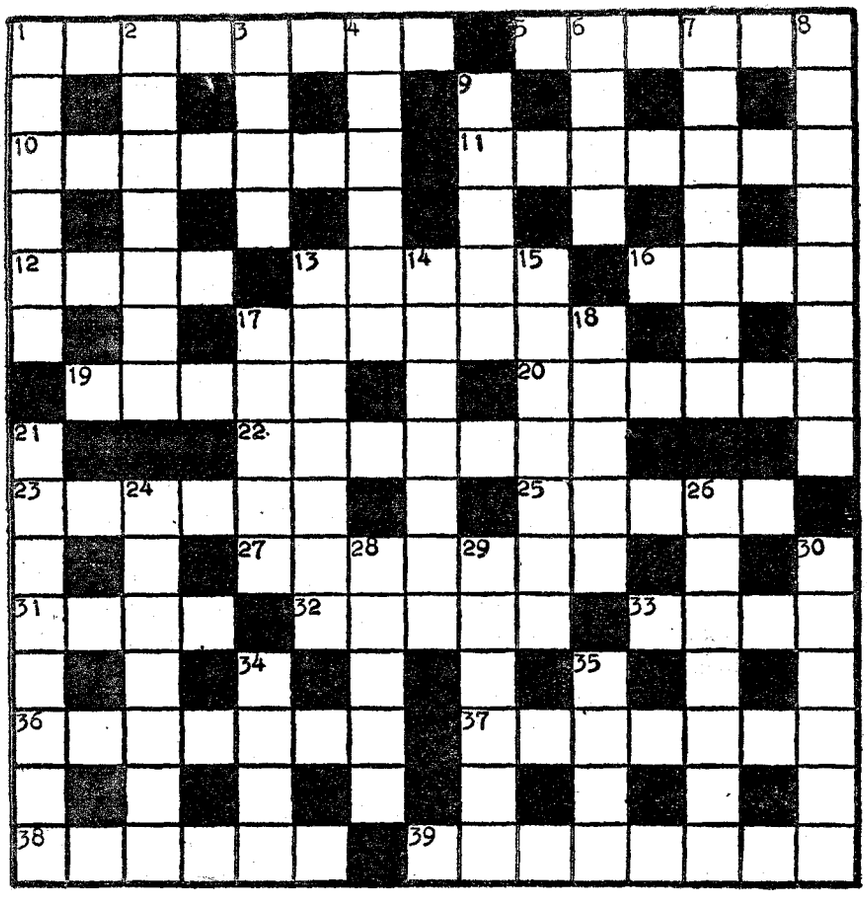
Crossword Puzzle No. 169

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Used for teaching performing bears to dance (3 and 5)
5 Sally
10 An underground fungus used in cookery
11 A country without an army
12 Heroic poem
13 Rank between captain and lieut.-colonel
16 The smack that went to the bottom
17 They sometimes seem like hours
19 Beer mug
20 A frightful fairy
22 Tin, Paul, is needed for this occasion
23 Keats felt as though he had drunk it
25 Destination of lost consignments
27 Made up cards for cheating
31 A bloke at bay
32 Exhilarating, isn't it?
33 Fearsome fellow
36 The best place in wet weather
37 A pen, sir? (anag.)
38 A lovesome thing, God wot
39 She who formed a cabinet?

DOWN

1 One, moonstruck, who helps to prevent one getting sunstruck
2 A sight-seeing traveler
3 Can only be understood backwards, but must be lived forwards
4 Surgical saw
6 Baking cell
7 Labor in childbirth
8 Phantoms showing an idol in great ages
9 An aviator
13 Graceful old dances
14 Many who ask for it would howl for mercy if they got it
15 Entertained sumptuously
17 Coins
18 Substantial
21 Parting may be sad, but it is pathetic to be together
24 An unwelcome guest
26 To lead up the garden
28 Imitative
29 Animals' attendant
30 Where people go to get up their spirits
34 They say it's unlucky to marry for this
35 When the order came to retire, the drummer boy beat it

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 168

ACROSS:—1 CARUSO; 5 MULLAH; 9 KIMONOS; 11 ASSAIL; 12 DESIGN; 13 SPRITES; 14 DEER; 17 WERE; 19 EGREGIOUS; 22 TIROL; 23 NASAL; 25 BLEATS; 26 WEIGHT; 27 SIREN; 29 GREEK; 31 SADDENING; 34 IDLE; 36 GOER; 37 MARRIED; 39 OUTSET; 40 AORIST; 41 SAWDUST; 42 ODD MAN; 43 ESNECY.

DOWN:—1 CLAUDE; 2 RASHER; 3 SKIS; 4 OIL PAINTS; 5 MODEL; 6 USES; 7 LOITER; 8 HANSEL; 10 ODIOUS; 15 EGGBIRD; 16 REFEREE; 17 WIGGING; 18 ROUTINE; 20 OASIS; 21 SAWED; 24 LEND LEASE; 28 RAMROD; 29 GIGOLO; 30 ELATED; 32 IODINE; 33 GRITTY; 35 SATAN; 37 MESA; 38 DOTS.

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